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THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

THE agreement with Turkey greatly increases the strength of the "peace alliance." Turkey was throughout willing for a pact with Britain and France in the Mediterranean, but unwilling for further commitments in the Balkans unless the U.S.S.R. was also in the alliance. Presumably Turkey and the U.S.S.R. believe that Mr. Chamberlain will be compelled to accept the substance of the Russian offer. The British counter proposal was rejected and Mr. Molotov repeated the Soviet's demand for a full alliance which would include a guarantee to the Baltic States. It was arranged that Mr. Potemkin would meet Lord Halifax at Geneva and the Council of the League was postponed for a week in order that Mr. Potemkin could be present. The sudden announcement that Mr. Potemkin will not after all be there is probably to be interpreted as a move to force Mr. Chamberlain's hand. Stalin presumably argues that with commitments already made to Turkey, Poland, Rumania and Greece, it is impossible, whatever the reluctance in Whitehall and elsewhere, to allow the Russian offer to slip; and the French appear to be hopeful of arranging a compromise which would in fact involve Britain's acceptance of 80 per cent. of the Russian terms. If this should prove possible, a collective system of some sort will have come into existence. We must remember, however, that a "collective peace system" is poor sense if it means no more than a military alliance. The important work of building peace must begin and not end with the Russian agreement. But that is the first essential.

War or Peace Aims?

On this question of the development and policy of the Peace Alliance if it comes into being, Sir Arthur Salter has some interesting things to say in his remarkable new book, *Security, Can We Retrieve It?* (Macmillan, 8*s.* 6*d.*). After a trenchant examination of British policy at home and abroad, Sir Arthur urges that it is a mistake to think there is no choice except a war for empire and a surrender to the Axis Powers. He writes: "The dilemma is a false one. Ideas cannot in themselves resist force; but ideas and ideas alone direct force." He takes the bold course of outlining in the form of a draft White Paper the terms of a possible "general settlement." He does not suggest that such a settlement is possible while Germany maintains millions of armed men on the frontiers of her neighbours. But the character of the present rulers of Germany should not prevent us putting our own Imperial house in order or publishing "peace terms" before a war

instead of after it—especially since their publication might help to avert it. We have reliable information that the open discontent in Italy has its stronger counterpart in Czechoslovakia, where a large number of workers have been shot this week; in Austria, where two regiments were found to be disaffected, and amongst numerous groups in Germany who have not yet found a way of publicly voicing their desperation. On the other side we have unhappily to record a report that the illegal wireless of the German Freedom Party has been captured. If so, we can be sure that it will be restarted. We need other spokesmen to reinforce and enlarge upon Mr. Chamberlain's statement last week declaring our determination to resist aggression and our assurance to the German people that we do not wish to encircle them. There is evidence that the British broadcasts in German are now openly listened to by the German population. Proposals, broadly on the lines suggested by Sir Arthur Salter, should be put over to the whole world; they would have a great effect—and not least in Fascist countries.

Moves and Counter-Moves

Until finality is reached in the Anglo-Russian conversations, the diplomatic alignment in Europe will remain confusing and indeterminate. Rumania gets a British loan of £5 millions at 5 per cent., mainly for purchases of armaments, and an undertaking that Britain will buy, at world prices, 200,000 tons of her next wheat crop. The position of Jugoslavia remains obscure. During his visit to Rome, Prince Paul apparently succeeded in resisting suggestions that he should enrol his country as a definite member of the anti-Comintern front, but he is reported to have concluded a pact with Italy on non-aggression lines. In Spain, General Franco, as we write, is staging at last his thrice-postponed victory parade, while a group of French and Dutch banks is understood to be negotiating terms on which they would lend the new Spanish Government £20 millions, provided Franco refrains from entering into a definite military alliance with his Axis creditors. This would be a contribution towards German and Italian armaments as matters stand; a loan to Franco should only be discussed after actual steps have been taken to remove Spain out of the Axis. So far as Danzig is concerned, relations between Germany and Poland are neither better nor worse. The only change in the North Europe sector of the diplomatic battlefield is Denmark's assent to the proposal (declined by the other Oslo Powers) that she should sign a non-aggression agreement with the Reich.

The Duce's Discretion

Few people outside No. 10 Downing Street have cherished the naive hope that Italy can be induced to repeat her 1914 tactics and double-cross her senior partner in the Axis. Mussolini's Government will, beyond doubt, dance to whatever tune Germany pipes. Nevertheless, to judge by his speech at Turin last week-end, the Duce is in a decreasingly bellicose mood. His rhetoric was seasoned with sufficient militancy to rouse his mass audience to the usual patriotic fervour, particularly when he poured scorn on alleged French plans to invade Italy, if war comes, down the Po valley. But he studiously refrained from raising fresh claims against France, and emphasised his view that there is no controversy in Europe to-day so intractable that war is its only solution. Meanwhile, there is little progress discernible in the course of the talks between Count Ciano and M. François Poncet. In the matter of a free zone at Djibuti and the inclusion of Italians on the Suez Canal Board agreement might be reached. The crux is Tunisia where the French are well aware of the dangers involved in the demand for an improved status for Italian colonists.

Poland and Lithuania

The improvement of the relations between Poland and Lithuania has considerably strengthened Colonel Beck's position. Lithuania's grievance over Vilna has in the past made any approach to collaboration impossible, and, as lately as in March, 1938, the Polish Government issued an ultimatum demanding the renunciation of all Lithuanian claims, which did nothing to improve the situation. Poland is vitally concerned that Lithuania, with whom she shares her third largest frontier, should not be used as a jumping-off ground for a German attack, a danger greatly increased by the nazification of Memel. Moreover, if war breaks out the corridor is likely to be closed, and Lithuania offers the only alternative outlet to the sea. For both these reasons, it became essential, once Colonel Beck had climbed off the fence on the anti-Nazi side, to improve relations with Kaunas. The first moves were somewhat clumsy. Inspired articles in the Polish press declared that it was in the common interest of both countries to stop the *Drang nach Osten*; and one Polish writer went so far as to suggest a "union." In reply to this unwelcome proposal, Lithuania vigorously reasserted her neutrality, and a deadlock seemed to have been reached.

A Brand Saved from the Burning

Last week, however, the situation changed. General Rashtikis, the strong man of Lithuania, was received in Warsaw with full military honours and housed in the apartments recently occupied by Count Ciano and Herr von Ribbentrop. This was the first direct contact between the statesmen of the two countries for 18 years, and, although no positive arrangement was concluded, Poland has agreed to accept Lithuania's neutrality, while Lithuania has declared her readiness to collaborate automatically in case of any common danger. Thus Colonel Beck can feel that Poland's northern flank is no longer exposed, while General Rashtikis has succeeded in winning Polish friendship without abandoning neutrality and thus calling down on himself the wrath of Herr Hitler. There is no doubt that this move has made a *Blitzkrieg* against Poland more difficult, but it cannot become really effective until Anglo-Russian relations are cleared up. For the moment all that can be affirmed is that Lithuania has been saved from complete *Gleichschaltung* under the Axis.

The Airways Merger

The deal concluded between the Government and the two civil aviation companies raises a curious point in neo-capitalist ethics. The State acquires the undertakings at a net cost of about £3,200,000; but whereas British Airways shares, on which no dividend had been paid, are taken over at a discount of roughly 20 per cent., the purchase price for Imperial Airways £1 shares is 32*s.* 9*d.* Assuming that holders of these shares re-invest the proceeds in the Government-guaranteed stock yielding, say, 3¾ per

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cent., which the new public corporation is expected to issue, they will receive in perpetuity over 6 per cent. "gilt-edged" on the nominal value of their shares. Admittedly, in 1937, Imperial Airways—with the Government's blessing—sold shares to the public at 30*s*., a price justified by the extent of promised State subvention over a period of years; and the company in 1937–38 paid a dividend of 7 per cent. But the whole of the profits were derived from the subsidy, and purchasers of equity shares are presumed to be shouldering an element of risk. On the principle now established any unremunerative industry of national importance can apparently first demand a subvention and then ask to be nationalised at a price fixed in relation to its subsidised income. The taxpayer buys assets whose value arises mainly or solely from his own past generosity.

The American Miners' Victory

The American coal dispute has ended in a substantial victory for Mr. John L. Lewis and the United Mine Workers' Union. In future, all new employees are to become members of the United Mine Workers, which is recognised as the sole bargaining agency for the entire industry. The settlement thus successfully cuts out the small rival Union, the Progressive Mine Workers, which had the support of the American Federation of Labour. The C.I.O. has won another victory over the A.F. of L.; and the movement towards industrial unionism has been further strengthened. The agreement was reached after strong pressure from the White House had secured a resumption of the interrupted negotiations, and when New York had been driven to emergency arrangements for rationing coal. Under the new scheme the existing employees will be free to join a Union or not as they please, and the company will be free to engage non-union labour. But all new employees will have to join the U.M.W.A. within a reasonable time, unless they belong to certain specially exempted groups of office employees. Thus the Union wins something not far removed from the "closed shop" which it demanded; and the same principle will be incorporated in agreements for the smaller areas not directly involved in the dispute.

Cotton Workers and Compensation

The Labour Party failed to carry its amendment to the Cotton Industry Bill providing for compulsory compensation to workers displaced by "redundancy" schemes. It was argued from the Labour benches that, if the "redundant" capital were to be bought out, the same principle ought to be applied to the "redundant" labour. To this the Government answered that the recognition of a statutory right to compensation on the workers' part might wreck the scheme because of the additional burden which it would impose on the industry, and that accordingly, though compensation ought to be paid in fact wherever it could be afforded, it ought not to be made mandatory under the Bill. It is well known that the representatives of the cotton operatives raised this issue during the negotiations which preceded the introduction of the Bill, and did not persist for fear of having the measure withdrawn. It is, however, profoundly unsatisfactory that the property-owner should get his compensation and the workman whose skill is bound up with the industry should be refused it. Admittedly, workers' claims to compensation are difficult to assess fairly; but it would surely be possible to recognise a limited right, perhaps on a pooled basis, so that the sums provided for would be paid into a common fund for helping the displaced workers to fit themselves for alternative employment, or for similar purposes connected with the relief of hardship in the affected areas.

Transport House Reports

The Labour Party Executive has now issued its report for presentation to the Southport Conference at Whitsun. The Report brings out very clearly the almost exclusive preoccupation of the Executive during the past year with questions of international policy and war preparation on the one hand and with those of the "Popular Front" on the other. There is a fine touch of unconscious humour in the Executive's summary of the proposals put before it in the Cripps Memorandum; the Executive announces the Memorandum as having "urged the formation of a combination of the Labour Party with *other* non-Socialist elements." The italics are ours. The Report pursues remorselessly the Executive's vendetta against "Popular Front" advocates, and reprints the various documents issued in connection with the controversy during the last few months. For the rest, the Report is mainly a chronicle of Labour action in international affairs and in relation to national service, conscription, air-raid precautions and similar matters of war preparation at home. It is unfortunate that so little has been done in recent years to amplify and revise the excellent series of pronouncements on home policy put forward between 1932 and 1934. Labour will meet at Southport with the laurels of a victory at Southwark round its brows. The significant fact about the three by-elections this week, however, is the further heavy fall in the polls.

Runciman and Rushcliffe

Lord Runciman must be regretting that he ever accepted a Cabinet post in return for his services in Czechoslovakia. As the list of the directorships he has retained grows longer, Mr. Chamberlain's apologies grow feebler, and he is compelled to deny such well-established facts as that the Anchor Line is controlled by Runciman (London). The true explanation of Lord Runciman's behaviour is one which Mr. Chamberlain can hardly give. Since he now retains directorships which he resigned on taking office in 1931, he probably regarded his Cabinet appointment as a titular honour compatible both with his City activities and an extended cruise on full pay. Another peer who has recently obtained an unsavoury prominence is Lord Rushcliffe, the £7,000 a year chairman of the U.A.B., who started the *Times* correspondence on Danzig 10 days ago. The other "Munichois" who have written to support him are not much more impressive. The desire for peace and a "settlement," if possible, over Danzig is universal, but it must be a two-sided settlement, not a "dictat." Another Munich will not bring us nearer peace, and the effect of these letters abroad is disastrous. The saying proves the Fifth Column in Britain is always to be found in the editorial pages of the *Times*.

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THE NEW PALESTINE PLAN

THE story of Palestine in the last twenty years is one of high hopes, of considerable achievement and of bitter disappointment. In accepting the Mandate we were undertaking a difficult but inspiring experiment—an experiment in nation-making. The Palestinian Mandate, like other "A" class Mandates, required the Mandatory Power to fit its wards for self-government. But, unlike any other Mandate, it was complicated by the incorporation of another responsibility—the establishment in the country of "a National Home for the Jewish people." Nor was that all. We started under the handicap of having during the war given pledges to Arabs and Jews, which, if they were not fundamentally incompatible, were likely to lead, as they have in fact led, to acute controversy and to open conflict. The Arabs objected from the outset both to the Mandate and to the Balfour Declaration. The Jews naturally acclaimed the new project, though there were different views amongst them as to how it was to be carried out and what it was ultimately to mean. The British Government, in the pride and confidence born of victory, entered cheerfully on its duties, and public opinion in general supported it.

The task was, as we saw it then, the making of a united Palestinian nation—the welding of two peoples into one, the harmonising of eastern and western civilisation, the creation of a State in which Arabs and Jews, whilst keeping their own culture, their own language and religion, would have common political and economic interests. It was a task that obviously bristled with difficulties; but those difficulties were not insurmountable—on one condition. That condition unhappily has not been fulfilled. The success of the experiment must depend, as we urged from the very beginning in this journal, on the willingness of Arabs and Jews to unite and co-operate. The Mandatory could help—and maybe it could have helped more effectively. But what it could not do was to enforce unity and co-operation. The clash of nationalisms has persisted, and a couple of years ago the Peel Commission registered the failure of our hopes, and decided that the policy of union must be abandoned for one of separation. Partition, as recommended by Lord Peel and his colleagues, if it was not an ideal solution, seemed at least a fair *pis aller*, and it was accepted in principle by the British Government. But it was rejected by both Arabs and Zionists, and the struggle in Palestine worsened. The Round Table Conference in London ended with a despairing announcement by the Government that, since no agreement could be reached, they would impose a solution of their own. And here, in the White Paper published on Wednesday, is their solution.

It contains nothing unexpected; it is in general line with the scheme put forward by the Government at the London Conference. It is proposed that Palestine shall become an independent State—in ten years' time. During the transitional period, the British Government will continue to be responsible for the administration of the country; but Palestinians (Arabs and Jews in proportion to population) will be in charge of all Departments, with British advisers attached. At this stage, there will be no elected legislature—though one may be established later when public opinion and local conditions permit. After five years from "the restoration of peace and order" (a highly uncertain date!) a constituent assembly will be called to make arrangements for a new Constitution. But at the expiration of the ten years, there may again be a postponement of independence, should circumstances unhappily require it. As regards Jewish immigration, there is to be a limitation of the number of entrants to 10,000 a year for five years—and after that no more admissions except with the consent of the Arabs. Besides this regular quota, however, Jewish refugees are to be admitted, up to a total of 25,000. Finally, there will be powers to restrict sales of land to Jews, if it is deemed necessary in the interests of the Arab cultivators.

This plan will have a multitude of critics. It is, on the face of it, weighted in the Arabs' favour. By the Jews, therefore, it will be denounced; indeed it has already been denounced in advance, as a "shameful betrayal," an "abject surrender" to the Mufti, to terrorism and to Fascist machinations. The Arab reactions are not yet so clear; but it is highly improbable that the militant Palestinian Nationalists at any rate will greet with enthusiasm the ten years' moratorium on their independence, though the neighbouring Arab States may press them to accept it. Nor will those of us who are not sworn partisans, who in fact are both pro-Jew and pro-Arab, find it easy to pass judgment. We are confronted in Palestine with two apparently irreconcilable parties, each with a case—and ourselves in a position of responsibility, tied by pledges which perhaps we ought never to have given, but which, since we have given them, we cannot escape without disgrace and danger. The Jewish case against the Government's scheme is that it means the end of the National Home for the Jews. It would condemn them to the status of a permanent minority and put them finally under the domination of the Arabs. They repudiate restrictions on immigration into Palestine. You have no right, they say, to limit immigration except by the criterion of the "economic absorptive capacity" of the country. And they couple with this an appeal to mercy, so to speak; Palestine ought to be open as an asylum to the great host of Jewish victims of persecution by the dictator-States of Europe. But the Mandate, while it refers to facilitating Jewish immigration, does not make "economic absorptive capacity" the only criterion, and it is plain that there are, and must be, other criteria, political and psychological. As for the refugees, Palestine cannot be used as an open asylum for all the victims of Nazi persecution, and any attempt to make it so would spell disaster. It is proper that it should make its contribution, as the White Paper puts it, to the solution of this world problem, and the figure of 25,000 is presumably what the Government considers a reasonable maximum. We should have thought it might, in all the circumstances, be substantially increased. In any case, the fewer the Jewish refugees who are admitted to Palestine, the more pressing becomes the task, in which Great Britain is particularly concerned, of finding suitable homes elsewhere for the rest. And among the suitable homes we do not rank British Guiana, on the "potential possibilities" (*sic*) of which a Commission has just reported. We hope there will be no attempt to use Guiana as jam to mix with the White Paper powder for the Jews.

Limits to the Jewish immigration into Palestine there assuredly must be; for just as the Jews fear domination

by the Arabs, so do the Arabs fear being swamped by a Jewish majority. Their fears may be exaggerated, but it is idle to imagine they can be conjured away or ignored. We may well question, however, whether the proposed limitation—to a total of 75,000—is not unnecessarily drastic. It would not hurt the Arabs, and it would, we believe, be to the advantage of the country, to double it. Nor does it help much to argue that the Arabs have derived great material benefit from the enterprise of the Jews in Palestine. Of course they have; but that does not make them grateful. It even enhances their antagonism (and this is common in the psychology of nationalist movements) to be constantly reminded that they are inferiors receiving gifts at the hands of a superior. Jealousy as well as fear plays a part in this conflict.

We know, of course, that many of the Jewish polemists deny that the Arab opposition is a genuine nationalist movement. The trouble in Palestine, we are asked to believe, is nothing but the work of a band of gangsters led by the Mufti and his friends and dupes, of terrorists who are as offensive to the great mass of Arabs as they are to the Jews, and of Fascist mischief-makers abroad. We hold no brief for the Mufti or for assassins; but we frankly cannot accept the truth of this diagnosis. The same sort of explanation has been given of troubles in Ireland, in Egypt, in India—of almost every nationalist agitation that we have known. There is a real Arab nationalism in Palestine, widespread, deep-rooted and formidable—and all the more formidable because it has the sympathy of other Arabs over the border, and is fomented by the Fascist Powers in Europe. We may deplore its existence, but we are bound to consider not merely its excesses, but what justice there is in its aspirations and its claims. We cannot be expected, on grounds either of principle or expediency, to suppress Arab nationalism for the sake of Jewish nationalism. The task of coercion is in any case odious; the idea of a permanent coercion, in Palestine or anywhere else, is intolerable. Nor, surely, can we be asked to disregard the practical consequences of using the "big stick" on the Arabs. It would involve the gravest danger not only in Palestine, but throughout the Near and Middle East, and so far from putting a stop to Fascist propaganda and agitation, it would be a direct encouragement to them.

As an effort, then, to restore order in this distracted country, and to secure tranquillity on the basis of justice to both peoples, we cannot say that the Government's new policy is dishonest or dishonourable. It is not a "betrayal" except in the sense that any concession to one party in Palestine will be open to the charge that it means breaking a pledge to the other. And if it is a "surrender to force," it may claim at least to be a prudent and not an "abject" surrender. But the good intentions of the plan will not, we fear, do much to ensure its success while Arabs and Jews persist in their intransigence. There is a chance that, when the storm of protest and opposition has blown over, and the plan is put into force, there will be a more accommodating attitude on both sides. Much may happen in ten years—even the attainment of that "mutual tolerance and goodwill" that the White Paper pleads for. If so it is possible to hope for a better plan, agreed upon by both peoples, which would secure to the Jews their National Home in the shape of a Jewish State within the framework of the Arab State—or of a Federation of States.

THE STRANGE CASE OF LORD HAILEY

[In this article Professor J. B. S. Haldane throws down a challenge to the Air Raid Defence League which seems to demand a reply.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

TOWARDS the end of 1937 reports began to reach England of the existence of bomb-proof shelters in Spain. Up till then it had been generally believed that the provision of such shelters on a nation-wide scale would take many years, and cost a sum of the order of a thousand million pounds. By the middle of 1938 the demand for such shelters in Britain was becoming widespread. In many areas it was first voiced by local branches of the Communist Party. This was natural enough, since an appreciable fraction of the members of that organisation had actually been in Spain.

Up to September, 1938, the British Government's policy of shelter for civilians was the provision of a gas-proof "refuge room" in each house defended by putty, sticky paper, and the like, with a suggestion that basements might be shored up with wooden props. Mr. Lloyd branded a group of Cambridge scientists who criticised this defence as a Communist organisation. This was an undeserved tribute to Communism. For Communists did not enjoy the monopoly of criticising this scheme. Ultimately some echo of these complaints must have reached the Cabinet, for of course the gas-proof room and the timber-propped basement have been dropped.

However, the official policy is essentially unchanged. "In all the controversy about shelters I deplore that emphasis should be so insistent upon mere safety," said Sir John Anderson to *Picture Post*, and consequently the policy of deep shelters has been decisively rejected. But the rising popular demand for shelters had to be met. This could be done in two ways. On the one hand the public could be persuaded that it was being protected. On the other, so much as possible of the agitation for real defence could be conducted into channels where it would be harmless. The first desideratum was met mainly by the provision of "Anderson shelters," which, whatever may be their merits, are entirely useless for such areas as the City of London, where half a million people are concentrated during the day-time. It is surely clear that a measure of shelter which is wholly inapplicable to the most crowded, and therefore most dangerous, areas, merits description as "eye-wash," until something is done for the danger zones.

The Air Raid Defence League serves the second purpose. One of its original documents stated that it was to play a part in Civil Defence against air attacks similar to that played by the Navy League as regards naval armament. To-day we are told that "its entire purpose is to ensure that the best brains of the country, that all necessary time and energy, are being devoted permanently to the protection of the nation against attack from the air." I propose to examine this statement. The chairman of the Air Raid Defence League is Lord Hailey, a former Indian Civil Servant. But this has not been his only activity during the current year. He was also Chairman of a Conference which was convened by Sir John Anderson on February 24th, and reported to him in April (Cmd. 6006) in terms very different from those of the League's report for March.

The composition of this body was remarkable. It included one professor of engineering, but two of its eight members had a peculiar qualification. Sir Clement Hindley is the Chairman of the Racecourse Betting Control Board, and Sir William McLintock was a member of that eminent body from 1928 to 1933. It is only fair to Sir Clement to add that he is also a distinguished civil engineer and to Sir William that he has many other qualifications. When I was asked to give evidence to this Conference I was strictly enjoined to keep the fact secret, and I must confess that I wondered whether those in authority did not wish too fierce a light to beat upon Lord Hailey's dual position, lest it should cause questioning amongst the members of the Air Raid Defence League.

It is interesting to compare the report of this Conference

with one issued by the Air Raid Defence League in March. The League is by no means opposed to deep shelters. "As a rough guide to the extent of heavy or 'deep' protection which the League envisages, however, it may be said that the total population of the potential target areas (and their immediate surroundings) is probably not less than 10,000,000 . . . the total expenditure involved could not prudently be put at less than some £100,000,000."

But the Conference takes a different view. "We believe that most British citizens would prefer to count upon a less effective protection at their homes, even though this may make no pretence of warding off direct or near hits of bombs, if they can be safeguarded against the one danger which must loom largest in their minds, namely that of being themselves, or seeing their families, buried under fallen roofs or masonry." The Conference, however, recognises that "skilled workmen and technicians are an almost irreplaceable asset," and therefore "feel that strongly protected shelters ought to be provided at their places of work for the employees in certain vital industrial undertakings." It adds that "if, as the war proceeded, it should prove advisable for them to vacate their homes and live 'on the job,' the shelter would be available at night-time also." It is not clear whether these men will be confined to their works for the duration of the war, or whether they will be vouchsafed an occasional leave to see whether their families survive. Meanwhile it will doubtless be a comfort to parents in such vulnerable areas at Middlesbrough, an industrial town on the East Coast which is not to be evacuated, that Lord Hailey's Committee apparently regards their children as replaceable assets.

But if the Conference report represents Lord Hailey's real view, his position in the League becomes a matter of public interest. Some features of its reports are strange. For example, it suspends judgment on the question of whether or not basements can be so efficiently propped up as to sustain the weight of the walls, roof, and floors above them, should these collapse. But it makes no reference to one of the principal arguments used against basements as shelters.

This is as follows. My basement is typical of thousands in London. It covers the whole area of my house. On a level with it are my neighbour's basement on one side, a passage on the other, an area in front, and a yard behind. A bomb with a delayed action fuse will burst on this level in a confined space, and will blow party walls sideways. Effectively, then, my basement is a ground floor. And unless I am provided with really strong lateral protection from blast and splinters, I shall be no safer than a person in an ordinary ground-floor room, were this propped.

Again it states that "the 'Anderson' shelter is specified to give complete protection against a 500 lb. general-purpose bomb landing 50 feet or more away." This is untrue. One end of the shelter is open. And many shelters (including that shown by officials to newspaper representatives at Hornchurch) are so sited that splinters from a bomb bursting much more than 50 feet away could enter the open end. Elsewhere we are told that "by the second week of April some 300,000 of these shelters have been distributed through the local authorities, giving protection to about 1½ million people." But no mention is made of the fact that thousands of these shelters have been distributed but not erected.

The League agrees that more billets are needed. But it does not dare to suggest that billeting should be compulsory. This would doubtless alienate such supporters as Lord Hailsham, who felt himself unable to state how many children he could accommodate until he had obtained satisfactory assurances on various points—including an assurance of compensation for damage to his house or its contents. Occasionally the League talks sheer nonsense, as in the statement that "A.R.P. in this country is organised on a democratic basis." When I am asked to vote for or against a Warden or other A.R.P. official I shall believe this statement, but not till then.

The National Association of Air Raid Wardens is affiliated to the League. This has the effect of guiding the activities of a body which might otherwise have become troublesome, into a channel where it is not likely to embarrass the Government.

There is a perfectly simple test for the sincerity of the League. It has drafted a programme which seems to me inadequate. I should like to see bomb-proof shelters for twice the population which it envisages. But I should welcome steps to make bomb-proof shelters even in the target areas to which it refers. I happen to live in one. Unfortunately, however, the Government is opposed even to this minimum programme. If the League is intended to be anything but a lightning conductor for the rising discontent of the people, it will ask candidates at by-elections whether they will support this minimum programme. This practice is followed by the Navy League, and other bodies which, like the Air Raid Defence League, describe themselves as non-political. Such action would have a huge effect in promoting Air Raid Defence. But it would seriously embarrass the Government.

How is it possible that such steps can be taken by a body of which Lord Hailey is Chairman? If he is opposed to the declared policy of the League, as appears from the Conference report, he must presumably do all he can to prevent its being implemented.

Many members of the League take the view that human beings as such, whether or no they are "irreplaceable assets," should be protected. I trust that they will demand that Lord Hailey be replaced by a chairman in whom they can repose full confidence, or alternatively, that a body be constituted which is pledged to use such measures as intervention in elections, and the organisation of petitions and demonstrations, to see that the risks in a future aerial war shall be reduced to the minimum which is technically possible at a cost which will, at most, be a small fraction of our expenditure upon armaments.

J. B. S. HALDANE

COMPULSION AND THE INDIVIDUAL

IF the Government had brought in a full-blooded scheme of conscription, regimenting the whole country and attempting to override the resistance of individuals and groups, the opposition in the country would have been overwhelming. But their scheme was limited and their attitude conciliatory, even when they have been conceding little in substance. Knowing that in spite of their first protestations the Labour leaders did not intend to launch a national campaign or to support the more strenuous opposition of the miners, the A.E.U. and the Scottish Trade Unions, the Government has been able to disregard Labour's carefully thought out scheme for conscripting wealth by an annual capital levy, and its demand for the democratisation of the Army; and has managed to avoid linking up the Conscription Bill with foreign policy and the Russian alliance. The Parliamentary Labour Party has been able to introduce some valuable amendments in the Bill, but by their method of opposing blankly and then not pressing their opposition they lost much of their bargaining power. Even on the point that matters so much to the workers of this country, that the troops should not be used to quell industrial disputes, no real satisfaction was given. It is agreed in principle that militiamen shall not be used for this purpose, but Mr. Hore-Belisha advanced the legal argument that under common law soldiers as well as other citizens can be called out to quell any disturbance and under the Emergency Powers Act troops can be used where there was danger to the life of the community. The new Bills do not alter the law in regard to industrial disputes, but the Minister's answers did not remove any of the fears expressed by Trade Unionist M.P.s that Territorials may be employed to suppress working-class discontent. There is still too a real apprehension that what is intended is not resistance to Fascism abroad, but an increasing authoritarianism at home.

In regard to conscientious objectors Mr. Chamberlain's statement in introducing the Military Training Bill showed that he had learnt the lesson of the last war. In truth the Govern-

ment is well aware that, whereas there may be danger of revolution from working-class opposition, conscientious objectors frequently come from the ranks of the propertied and well-to-do and constitute no direct danger to the position of the ruling class, and cannot in any case be made into good soldiers. The Army Council does not want to be bothered with them. Moreover, if war does come, it will be a totalitarian business in which many forms of home service will be almost as dangerous as fighting; it will be difficult to distinguish between a funk hole and "doing your bit" in the orthodox manner. No one would call service in an anti-aircraft unit a cushy job, but it may well be safer than ambulance work in a big town or, indeed, than many purely civilian occupations in a dangerous area. Further, no one suggests that the whole of English manhood will be wanted in the trenches; obviously the sensible thing from every point of view, as Mr. Chamberlain said, is to avoid "a useless and an exasperating waste of time and effort in attempting to force those with strong conscientious scruples to act in a manner contrary to their principles."

Mr. Chamberlain dealt with various categories of conscientious objector. There are the absolutists, who will do nothing, as far as it is humanly possible to avoid it, that furthers in any way the conduct of the war. Pushed to its logical conclusion this opposition would seem to involve suicide. To purchase a stamp is to help in the war, and we have in front of us at the moment a letter from a farmer who points out that he can no longer be a pacifist because his potatoes and mangolds, milk and eggs, will become as essential to the war machine as guns and gas-masks. But even total objectors make compromises. Some of them say, very sensibly, that they are prepared to do in war-time work which they would regard as good in itself, war or no war. *The Peace Service Handbook* published by the P.P.U. at 1*d.* discusses service of this kind in some detail. Secondly, Mr. Chamberlain referred to a category of objectors who will have nothing to do with military service, but "who are not less patriotic than their fellow-citizens" and who are prepared to do many forms of national service, while others object not to medical work, mine-sweeping or indeed to any form of service, as long as they are not asked to take life. We well remember the many shades of opinion that came within these categories in the last war. Members of some religious bodies simply objected on the ground that "Thou shalt not kill" is one of the Ten Commandments. Many other objections were based on the less narrow principle that Christ and, indeed, most of the great ethical teachers have held, that one must love one's neighbour and strive for reconciliation with your enemy. It is certainly nonsense to talk in peace-time about turning the other cheek and loving your enemy if, on the first occasion that you have an enemy, you are prepared to stick a bayonet through him. It is for this reason that the Nazis particularly dislike Christianity. Finally, Mr. Chamberlain referred to "those, very few in number, I think, who are really shirkers and who would take advantage of exemptions of this kind to avoid a duty which lies on every citizen in this country."

It is clear that the Government is willing to take a good deal of trouble to avoid the absurdities and illegalities which took place under the Conscription Act of 1916. Those who wish to understand what happened before the tribunals would do well to read *The Citizen Faces War*, by Robert and Barbara Donington (published by Gollancz in 1936). The analysis of the attitude of the tribunals shows that with certain exceptions, such as Guildford and Finchley, the tribunals took little account of the legal provisions for the exemption of conscientious objectors. They were usually composed of local bigwigs and shopkeepers and they were often dominated by the military representative. Their behaviour varied from place to place all over the country. Sometimes they were merely abusive and, under the impulse of war passion, completely forgetful of their legal duties. Most of them treated all the C.O.s who came before them as cowards, with the result that many men who should have been allowed to think and work and prepare for the future spent long periods in prison, in some cases completely losing their health, while many were beaten up in barracks and a few were sent to France to be shot. No British C.O.s were actually shot, and it is to be noticed that those who went about presenting young men with white feathers and abusing them as cowards, were usually comfortable civilians who found in bullying pacifists some compensation for the risks that others were running at the front. Soldiers were commonly sympathetic to C.O.s who stood their ground, and many pacifists felt that they had done good service in totally altering the attitude and opinions of officers and men whose first instructions were to beat the nonsense out of them.

If the absurdity of handing sincere and valuable members of society over to the military authorities (who do not know what to do with them) is to be avoided this time, the composition of the tribunals and the instructions given to them are clearly of great importance. This time the Ministry of Labour is to be in charge of the whole business, not the Army. The tribunals, we are told, are to be of civilian character. It is perhaps some safeguard against the illegalities of the last war that the chairman is to be a County Court judge. It is agreed that a right of appeal should be granted to a superior tribunal also with a legal chairman, and that the Trade Unions should be consulted about the appointment of one of the two other members. There is also apparently a pledge that the "alternative service" offered should always be of a civilian character and under civil control.

Though the decisions of tribunals varied from place to place in the country, it was generally true that members of religious bodies, such as the Society of Friends with a long tradition of pacifist doctrine, were commonly treated with consideration. The Friends' Ambulance Unit and the War Victims' Relief Organisation both worked steadily in France and elsewhere from their first voluntary effort in the autumn of 1914 until long after the war. The members of these units were predominantly Quakers, but some other obviously sincere ethical resisters were also allowed to join these units. The absolute objectors who refused all forms of war service were never allowed to retain the complete exemption from military service to which they were entitled, and many of them spent a large part of the war in gaol. On this an important comment is to be made. Where the objector was given exemption, he usually found himself after a time doing some form of relief work or pursuing an occupation which he felt to be good in itself whether there was war or not. Where the tribunals bullied the objector and attempted to force him to obey orders he naturally resisted to the uttermost. For the conscientious objector is a person who believes in a different way of life from that which the world at war is living, and who will in no circumstances agree to obey the orders of the military authorities. If such orders are not given him, however, he finds himself in a difficult position. While a war is on, while thousands of people are being killed every day, to remain completely aloof, to stand apart from the world's tragedy is psychologically almost impossible. The urge to service of some kind is overwhelming. Any C.O. will testify to the fact that the more he was bullied and given military orders, the more sure and clear he became about his pacifist convictions. In that case he felt himself indeed to be fighting the battle to which he was called. If he were treated with tolerance and his position respected, inactivity was intolerable. And here we would add one further point. Very few young men in a time of danger would adopt the plea of conscience as a means of "shirking." The sanctions of public opinion are more terrible than those of authority and many of those accused of shirking were in fact political objectors who would not fight in a capitalist war—a class which Mr. Chamberlain overlooked. The objector's difference from his fellow-men is usually one of loyalty, not of guts; for many C.O.s the greatest hardship was to be misunderstood by his friends and not to be able to share in the adventure which war at first seems to mean to most young men.

A LONDON DIARY

THE other day someone suggested that I took a gloomy view. He muttered something about "wishful thinking." Astonished, I rushed off to my private "Old Moore," who gave me the following authentic information about the next seven months.

June : Mussolini, while raising his sword to cut the Gordian knot of diplomacy, has an apoplectic fit. Efforts to make Ciano Duce fail. The Socialist Republic of Italy proclaimed amid wild enthusiasm.

July : Hitler calls upon his army to cross the Brenner to save the Italian people from the tyranny of democracy. He is greeted with stony silence and passive mutiny. He bursts into tears, repents and is confined to a nursing home in Berchtesgaden. All the leading Nazis shoot each other or commit suicide. The Germans and Poles fraternise, declare Danzig and the Corridor free and open to all, remove Customs barriers and decide to make a joint federal democracy.

August : The Spanish people rise and embrace Italian and German soldiers. Franco declares that he is really a Liberal at heart, and a joint Democratic pro-Comintern bloc is created between Britain, France, Spain, Germany, Italy, Poland and Russia.

September : Stalin and Roosevelt simultaneously summon a World Peace Conference to adjust all differences and establish universal Socialism by gradual means.

October : World Socialism is established.

November : World Peace is established.

December : Circulation of NEW STATESMAN AND NATION reaches 10 millions.

* * *

Voltaire assembled for Candide's benefit his supper-party of dethroned kings, who met to pass the carnival in Venice. I thought of them as I sat through the International Conference for "the defence of democracy and peace" that met during last week-end in Paris. But these were the dethroned peoples. The Abyssinians sat next the Germans: then came the Austrians, and in their appropriate places the Albanians, the Czechs and the Spaniards. Like the deposed kings each told his tale. The rest of us listened, we English and the French, much in the mood of John Wesley as he watched the highwayman on his progress to Tyburn. But we felt less certain that the grace of God will save us from the gallows. Candide rained on his royal guests sequins and the diamonds of Eldorado. Our hosts were lavish of the pearls of French irony and eloquence. But I am not sure that these are what will linger longest in my memory. I shall recall an exceptionally tall and distinguished figure whom I noticed as he entered the hall. He was once the best orator in the German Reichstag in the days when it still debated. In the Social Democratic Party he was conspicuous for his culture, and he had filled a high ministerial post. He paused, surveyed the gathering and made again for the door. As he passed my seat he shook my hand and whispered an explanation of his brusque departure. "Too many Communists here for me." So in exile, learning nothing and forgetting nothing, the old Germany lives on.

* * *

A friend who has just returned from Italy told me two illuminating incidents of his holiday. The first was about a visit he made to a famous shrine in the mountains not far from Rome. He was just going to sign his name in the visitor's book, when he noticed that the last signature was Hermann Göring. "So the Marshal's been here," he said to the priest. "Yes, he came here." "Did he say anything?" "Yes, he said that this place was so lonely and remote from the troubles of the world that he would like to stay here for ever." And without a word of comment the priest bowed and withdrew.

The other incident was at Florence during the Easter festival. A vast crowd had gathered in the square before the cathedral to see the ancient ceremony of the flight of the doves of peace from the cathedral tower, and my friend took his place in the crowd. As the clock struck the hour and the bells tolled, he saw the doves moving in the window of the tower, and then a frantic scramble of priests hurrying up and down. Gradually the horrified crowd began to realise that there had been a hitch. The strings to which the doves are attached had become entangled, and for the first time in history the messengers of peace did not flutter down. It was the day on which Mussolini's troops entered the capital of Albania.

* * *

Two unusual plays have recently come my way. They are both the sort of plays which may easily be missed and which, in my view, might be successful at the right kind of theatre. The first is called *Rake's Progress*, by Olga Katzin. It was televised from Alexandra Palace. Its subject matter, treated freely but with substantial historical truth, is the fight of Wilkes against George III and his ministers. It is full of wit—one is not always sure which remarks to credit to Wilkes and which to the author. The comments are often delightfully apposite to our day. Wilkes was one of the most sturdy champions of liberty and reason, and his comments on public men and their disregard for the rights of the people they are supposed to serve are not less to the point than they were 150 years ago. Miss Katzin is a dramatic producer and poet amongst other things, and though it is difficult to judge on a small screen, I should guess that the play would go well on a West End stage. The second play is *The Hotel*, by Leonard Woolf (Hogarth Press, 5s.). Mr. Woolf has dramatised the conflict of ideas in Europe by bringing together in a shady hotel on the Adriatic a German, an Italian, and a Russian agent, all trying to smuggle arms for use in the Spanish War. A French woman spy double crosses both sides and the victim of their intrigues is an idealistic youth who sympathises with the Russian agent but who, as a Pacifist, disapproves of his methods and tries ineffectually to stop the arms going to either side. The pattern is completed in the character of the Innkeeper, a cynic, who does not care where the arms go as long as he gets the money, but who does care about his son who is shot by Fascists. The drama is simple and moving and I believe it might be acted most successfully :

* * *

I like this account of Chinese propaganda:

> On the South China front near Canton, moonlit nights when there come hours of quiet, Koreans climb upon hills overlooking the battlefield. They wind a gramophone and let the breeze waft soft Japanese music across No-Man's-Land. The phonographic records are specially selected, including sentimental songs which have an irresistible effect in increasing the nostalgia of the Nipponese soldiers in the trenches.
>
> On several occasions these Korean propagandists have set up a sound amplifier near the fire lines, but in a place that could not be easily shelled. Then a talented Korean orator spoke to the Japanese soldiers over the barbed wire entanglements in the latter's language. They coaxed them. They reasoned with them. . .
>
> The Formosans have their own way of putting across their propaganda. They have prepared thousands of pictures with propaganda materials printed on the back. In the absence of home mail or other entertainment the Japanese soldiers derive considerable satisfaction from looking at these photos. While doing so they unconsciously absorb the anti-war and anti-militarist ideas printed or written thereon.
>
> A number of cases of self-destruction in the Japanese armies were attributed by experts to these subtle attacks on their hearts.

* * *

I can never make up my mind whether there is more in Mr. Eden than meets the eye, or whether he is the immaculate insipid Tory which he seems to be. His collected speeches (*Foreign Affairs*, Faber and Faber, 12s. 6d.) have just been published and they match to perfection the elegant, but slightly empty, dust cover of white and pale-blue. In a foreword Mr. Eden writes: "There has grown up of late a strange legend that

the efforts of this country to improve relations with the Powers of the Berlin-Rome axis are of recent growth. . . . The pages of this book will show there is no truth in this legend." At first it seems surprising that Mr. Eden should wish to show himself as the protagonist of appeasement, because we tend to forget what tremendous efforts he and this country made to nollify the dictators. It is queer now to recall that, when Hitler tore up the treaty of Locarno, Mr. Eden felt it necessary to apologise to Parliament for not simply accepting this action as rational and sensible. But in the spring of 1936 not only Mr. Chamberlain, but the *News Chronicle* and the Labour Movement were still more hostile to France than to Germany, and, in spite of his League laurels—by then somewhat faded—Mr. Eden was a little suspect as a Francophile. But on the whole he has been far more consistent than most people; for he is one of the few Englishmen who genuinely had no preference either for Fascism or Communism and stood entirely aloof from the war of ideologies. What he meant by "League action" was collaboration with anyone to rebuild peace. Unfortunately support of the League, combined with this chilly impartiality, led not to collective security but to British isolation. Mr. Eden was neither prepared (as Chamberlain was) to collaborate with the dictators on their own terms, nor to admit that the Fascist International existed and could only be met by a Peace Alliance. So, too, with non-intervention. He really believed in it and really disdained both sides in Spain. My strongest impression, after reading his speeches, is of his insular superiority and pathetic delusion that diplomacy can completely disregard the domestic policies of nations. Mr. Eden still lives in a world of nation-states ruled by an international aristocracy. That is why he only succeeded in rebuffing democrats and embittering dictators.

* * *

Last week I referred to the excited support of flogging at the conference of Conservative women. A friend of mine was travelling in the same railway carriage with two respectable Conservative women on the way home after this conference. He vouches for the following passage from their conversation.

First Conservative woman. "Of course Lady Astor's arguments were very convincing, and none of us had read the book which she quoted."

Second C.W. "Yes, but after all, it's a matter not of argument but of sentiment, my dear."

* * *

Part of a conversation between two charwomen overheard on a London bus this week.

"I can't stand this 'erc Hitler. He's such a fidget."

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to F. Keith Bromley.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

Man is the lowest of the animals, especially those of the so-called working class.

As for "little children," these are mostly vicious, thieving, destructive pests—you want to go to live in the Hammersmith or North Kensington area and you will soon find this out for yourself.—Letter in *Daily Express*.

There are dun-coloured Persian rugs and bowls of lovely coloured tulips in the London nursing home where the Duchess of Kent went on Friday evening to undergo dental treatment.

She was received by Mr. H. Sumner Moore, the dental surgeon who has been attending to her teeth for some time. He wore a dinner jacket.—*Sunday Express*.

It is now becoming plain that Franco is not the devil he was painted, nor are the Spanish Moors, who fought for him, anything but great gentle giants, who felt infinitely hurt at the thought that their dusky faces should be used to scare the more ignorant people whom the socialists could influence.—*East Ham Patriot*.

Taking it all round, I think A.R.P. will do more harm than good. I prefer to trust God, and I think He will be annoyed when He hears about A.R.P.

I venture to suggest the Bath City Council do the same, and then we shall get that rate down another 2*d*.—Letter in *Bath and Wilts Chronicle*.

A protest from the Doncaster Free Church Council against a proposal to include a "Lady Godiva" incident in a forthcoming Doncaster Infirmary Carnival procession was received by the Carnival Committee last night.

The letter said: "We feel that the show will appeal to the animal instincts of the lower classes and fill the streets with vulgar sightseers."—*Telegraph*.

EXIT SATAN

As I was sitting in the front room of a cottage in Berkshire on Sunday morning, some one tapped on the open door, and, when my hostess went to see what he wanted, I could hear a sad, gentle American voice saying to her: "Would you like to buy some of this literature, lady?" She told him that there were already more books in the house than she had time to read, but she looked over his wares, which were evidently tracts, for she said to him cheerily: "I'm glad to see Satan's kingdom's coming to an end." "Yes, lady," he assured her in sighing tones; "that's the cause of all the trouble that's going on in the world. You see Christ is coming to rule the earth, and Satan don't want to vacate."

"Satan don't want to vacate." What an excellent explanation, I thought, of all the troubles that have always gone on in the world! Take the Satanic element out of the human heart, or soul, or whatever you like to call it, and life would be as untroubled and as beautiful as the Mediterranean on a calm sunny morning. There is nothing else that accounts for the infection of mankind with malice. Yet, in the present appalling century, the belief in the existence of Satan has for some strange reason been fading. I should have thought that, even if no previous century had heard of his existence, we of the twentieth century should have had to invent him as the only rational explanation of a large part of the history of our times. There is a spirit of evil abroad that the majority of men would be glad to be rid of, but Satan don't want to vacate. That explains a lot both in our private and in our public lives.

In the tract which my hostess ultimately bought from the evangelist, I discovered that the American sect to which he belongs identifies Satanism with the politics of the totalitarian States. "In Germany," I read, "the common people are peace-loving. The Devil has put his representative Hitler in control." Lest you may think this identification fantastic, turn to the sixth book of *Paradise Lost*, where you will find the rebel angels talking very like some of the leading European politicians of to-day. Consider, for example, the speech in which Satan, elated by his temporary triumphs, pours derision on his vacillating opponents.

> Of friends, why come not on these victors proud?
> Erewhile they fierce were coming, and when we
> To entertain them fair with open front
> And breast (what could we more?) propounded terms
> Of composition, straight they changed their minds,
> Flew off, and into strange vagaries fell,
> As they would dance, yet for a dance they seemed
> Somewhat extravagant and wild, perhaps
> For joy of offered peace: but I suppose
> If our proposals once again were heard,
> We should compel them to a quick result.

To which Belial, addressing Satan as "Leader" in the modern fashion, replies:

> Leader, the terms we sent were terms of weight,
> Of hard contents, and full of force urg'd home,
> Such as we might perceive amus'd them all
> And stumbled many: who receives them right
> Had need from head to foot well understand;
> Not understood, this gift they have besides,
> They show us when our foes walk not upright.

The rebel angels, indeed, were perfect exponents of the blind boastfulness that has become so common in modern times :

> So they among themselves in pleasant vein
> Stood scoffing, heightened in their thoughts beyond
> All doubt of victory, eternal might
> To match with their inventions they presum'd
> So easy.

It was only afterwards that they found out their mistake.

I am myself reluctant to identify any single human being with the Devil. There have been so many mistaken identifications in the past. When I was a boy, I read a book in which this angelic casuist, Mr. Gladstone, was identified with the Devil. I have no doubt Bradlaugh and even Huxley were claimants to the title in the minds of many. Drink, too, was widely looked on as the Devil, though whether the drink called cider was the Devil or not was a disputed question among the faithful. The Pope, of course, was the Devil or, at least, his agent ; and I regret to see that the author of the American tract is a victim of this ancient illusion. Firmly as I believe in the fallibility of all human beings—and, still more, of all institutions—I have had a warm corner in my heart for the Pope ever since I discovered that he was not the person my nurse brought me up to believe him to be. I like going into the churches over which he rules—or some of them—and I cannot believe that such churches could have been built by followers of the Devil. Grant that he was wrong about Spain : yet most of us have friends who were wrong about Spain, not through devilishness, but because they got it into their heads in some mysterious fashion that the Devil was on the Government side. It was one of those misunderstandings that have been common ever since the Reformation. Ever since then, many Protestants and Catholics have seen the Devil on the other side—seldom, if ever, on their own. In both cases, it seems to me, it was an optical illusion.

I think the same is true of the American tract-writer's Satanisation of the Pope. The reasons he gives for associating the Pope with the Devil are the oddest I have met with. Forgetting Cardinal Faulhaber and a good many other things, he tells us that " in his arbitrary rule, Hitler has had the unqualified support of the Catholic hierarchy." And from this he goes on to deny boldly that the Vatican is opposed to Communism. To him the Pope, Hitler, Mussolini, and Stalin, are a devilish quartette of conspirators, all working in perfect harmony for the furtherance of Satan's rule. It seems rather unlikely. Still, the author of the tract is passionately convinced of the truth of what he writes. Having quoted a passage from *Timothy*—" This know then, that in the last days perilous times shall come. For men shall be lovers of their own selves, covetous, boasters, proud, blasphemers . . . traitors . . . having a form of godliness, but denying the power thereof ; from such turn away "—he adds with magnificent assurance : " These words exactly describe the Hierarchy combine."

If you are interested in curiosities of belief, you will certainly find this pamphlet worth reading. For one thing, the author is not only hostile to Satan : he is also hostile to religion. " Men," he writes, " have invented the phrase, ' the Christian religion ' ; but such phrases are misleading, because religion and Christianity are exactly opposite one to the other." Again : " From the time of Nimrod until now Satan has used religion to deceive men and to cause them to indulge in the practice thereof in defiance of Jehovah." It is partly because he believes Mussolini to be a religious man that the author distrusts him so deeply. " Shortly after Mussolini became dictator," he writes, " he entered into an agreement with the Pope, the leading religionist on earth, by which temporal power was granted to the Vatican, and Mussolini became a supporter of the Catholic organisation and of Catholic action ; hence he is a religionist and against God and Christ."

After reading this tract, I cease to wonder that the Devil has maintained his rule over us so long. How can we hope to get rid of him if we cannot even agree who he is ? Everybody, it seems, is the Devil to somebody. Here he is the head of this church or that ; here he is a brewer ; here he is a man of science ; here he is a Red ; here he is a Trotskyite Fascist ; here he is a capitalist ; here he is a Chamberlainite ; here he is a picker of bluebells ; here he is a Fascist or a Nazi ; here he is a modern poet ; here he is a man who cannot read modern poetry ; here he is just his old self, going about like a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour.

The only thing we can be sure of about him is that he is an infernal nuisance and that he has more power over us at times than we have over ourselves. I am inclined to think that his real name is Ego. But whoever he is, what a wonderful time he has had on this planet, and what a mess he has made of it ! How he must have enjoyed himself ! It has not, unfortunately, been so pleasant for the rest of us. If the rumour that his kingdom is coming to an end is true, most of us will rejoice at the news. Even if he don't want to vacate, few of us will be sorry for him. He has had a long—a very long—innings.

Y. Y.

THE DIEHARD'S FAREWELL

TURN my face to St. James's as falls the eventide
They will hear at the Club to-morrow how a Tory Diehard died ;
Give me my port and coffee and my favourite cigar
And round my knees wrap the panther rug I potted in Coosh Behar.
Here's my letter to tell the *Times* how a Diehard took to bed
The day he heard a Tory chief would make a pact with the Red.

Pass the Napoleon brandy, my strength is failing fast,
The country bound for the dogs so long has gone to the dogs at last,
Not by a Liberal hothead, not by a Labour cad,
But by a Conservative Premier stabbed in the back, by Gad !
I've kept a stiff upper lip through life, a Diehard born and bred,
But even a Diehard dies at last when they make a pact with the Red.

SAGITTARIUS

Miscellany

AN AMERICAN ON TOSCANINI

IF contemporary young poets were gathered together would one hear discriminating criticism about the work of the best known of their seniors ? As far as I know, however, they never meet except in two's or threes of separate cliques and what one would be most likely to overhear would be merely eulogy or denunciation according to the particular intellectual fashion in vogue in a particular set. The comity of intellectuals is even less vigorous at present than the comity of nations and among them judgment is still more discoloured by temporary and partisan views. From the professional critics, also, one is more likely to hear championship and prejudice than consideration and reasoned judgment. The same situation prevails in music.

Nevertheless good professional musicians of established reputation as well as their juniors do discuss Toscanini and on the whole with a more open mind than they discuss contemporary composers. Perhaps it is because they feel that with a reproducing as distinguished from a creative musician principles are not at stake and the future of music is not so much involved. Yet I have to record that it is very rare to hear anything illuminating said by musicians or critics on the phenomenon of Toscanini. It was for this reason that I

opened the book by Mr. Lawrence Gilman,* "generally recognised"—says Sir Adrian Boult in a foreword—"as one of the foremost critics and writers on music in the United States," with great curiosity.

To my disappointment Mr. Gilman has not devoted himself so much to a critical examination of Toscanini's genius as to a general eulogy of his performances of "great music," and although much that he has to say reveals an enlightened mind and a critic who is truly discriminating, yet the book is rather a general panegyric than an analysis—sometimes in rather vague and sentimental terms—of its subject.

In listening with the utmost attention to the three concerts of the Beethoven festival under Toscanini which have been given up to the time of my writing this, I have made some fresh observations which I set down here as I do not find them in Mr. Gilman. I would say that all gifts are likely to be mixed. What I mean is that it will be very rare for a painter to have his nature wholly concerned with painting, a poet wholly with poetry and a musician wholly with music.

In general a part of an artist's nature is struggling for another form of expression than that of his chosen art, and that he forces that part of his nature into the channel of his chosen art since he is not a master or even a practitioner in any other. In the case of Toscanini I am inclined to aver that nothing of this sort happens. If we use the word "simple" to mean a completely harmonised and unified nature then I would say that Toscanini—as compared with other contemporary reproducing musicians such as Furtwängler, Schnabel, Rachmaninov—is a simple though profound nature. Here I find the cause of his ease, spontaneity and purity. In spite of the fact that Toscanini is the most intense and concentrated he is also the least strained of musicians. He may have to spend great mental and even physical energy in keeping his orchestra from relaxing, but he seems to have to spend none—to be, in fact, completely effortless in his own grasp and comprehension of any score he conducts.

There was a time when I repeated like any other parrot, the habitual criticism, mostly made by other conductors, that Toscanini's *tempi* are frequently too fast. I am now convinced that these *tempi* are only too fast when adopted by other conductors, but that in Toscanini's case (certainly in the performances we have heard this season in London) they are perfectly and inevitably right. We all know by now that we hear under Toscanini the music unfolded before us correct and exact in detail but also in perfect proportion to a degree of clarity that no other conductor achieves; but it would be a great error to ascribe this result to a mere scrupulous fidelity by Toscanini to the text. As a matter of fact one of the amazing characteristics of Toscanini's conducting is the way in which he is almost continuously varying the tempo. If he is—as he has been described—a flame and not a spring then we have to remind ourselves that fire is as subtle as water and the ever-varying flame of Toscanini varies so sensitively that it is difficult to detect that it is varying at all. But this is what keeps it alive.

The next point that has struck me this season is that when he conducts a Beethoven symphony it is given a complete and indivisible unity. If one were to say that Toscanini's sense of rhythm is unparalleled one has to add that he achieves a continuity that is unique. To give a vivid idea of what I mean I would say that between the first and last notes of a movement conducted by Toscanini you could not anywhere insert the thinnest sheet of gold leaf. This happens very occasionally in the best performances by very good conductors. It invariably happens with Toscanini in my experience. I would be inclined to say that our B.B.C. orchestra usually gives 55 per cent. of itself in its playing and that under very good conductors it wobbles between giving 50 per cent. and 70 per cent. of itself. The average person, whether performer or listener, cannot or does not achieve a continuous concentration. That is one reason why the performances of most good conductors vary so much. One movement will be better played than another, and even in the same movement there will be good and bad patches. Naturally some of these bad patches come from lack of understanding as well as from the relaxing of attention. But I have never known Toscanini's comprehension or concentration at fault.

An interesting example occurred in the performance of Beethoven's "Pastoral" symphony. It is the inclination of all orchestras unconsciously to relax after the storm section when the music passes into the pæan of thanksgiving. But Toscanini was fully awake to this tendency and fought it successfully. Toscanini has, I would say, a pure and instantaneous comprehension of music such as has rarely occurred in history. Could this combination of extreme musical understanding, subtle sensitiveness and profound love of music ever be at a loss? It is an interesting question. I would even be inclined to think that it is really a question whether any extra-musical expression is possible in music?

W. J. TURNER

* *Toscanini and Great Music.* By Lawrence Gilman (John Lane, 8*s.* 6*d.*).

BRIDGE HEAD

IT is as well to get to your seat at The Westminster Theatre in time to read in the programme a note on this play by the author, Mr. Rutherford Mayne. Not that you will fail to grasp the situation otherwise—when the curtain has been up a little while; but an English audience, even if they have heard of the Irish Land Commission, never hear it discussed, so its aims, successes and mistakes are not familiar to them. It is just as well, therefore, that before the curtain rises upon a patient, laconic middle-aged man seated at a table littered with papers and maps in an untidy hotel sittingroom, that they should know beforehand something about his work. Especially as every incident that is about to happen from start to finish on the stage is an illustration of the difficulties this man has to face, or of the faith which makes his lonely and often disappointed life supportable.

Bridge Head is a lively, truthful, well-acted Irish play of a sort which might well be written about the working of several recent democratic measures in England. And since I hope my account of it may persuade some NEW STATESMAN AND NATION readers to go, I will try to put them wise beforehand.

It is about the attempt which started with the Land Purchase Act of 1891 and other measures to deal with the so-called "congested areas" of Ireland—the effort to abolish Ireland's rural slums. To the eye of the tourist those areas often appear the reverse of over-populated; but in reality the small-holdings scattered, say, about the bogs and moorland plains of Mayo and Galway, or the beautiful lower slopes of the mountains of Connemara, Kerry and Donegal, are incapable of supporting those who live on them however hard they work. Sometimes adjoining, but more often at some distance, are the larger holdings of the old landed gentry or the wide pastures of grazier tenants. To acquire by compulsory purchase such areas and allot portions of them either to new tenants from other districts or to uneconomic neighbouring holdings, is the policy of the Irish Government. And now to quote the playwright's note:

> But the clan feeling of territory still exists, often in a narrow parochial form, and the advent of the congested migrant in a new holding in a strange district is rarely welcome to the local people. To deal justly with those who have to give up their land so necessary for the relief of congestion, to allot this land equitably to the numberless applicants and to install the migrants in the teeth of what is often determined and strenuous opposition, is not an easy task. The brunt of this work falls upon the local officers of the Irish Land Commission. On the manner in which they deal with all these varying elements of the local population depends the success or failure of land settlement in these remote districts. It is in memory of those officers who, like Stephen Moore, have given their life and vision to the work that *Bridge Head* has been written.

London playgoers tend to distrust plays on economic themes, and the problems of a country not their own do not allure them. But examine the dramatic possibilities of the situation in which a local representative of the Irish Land Commission finds himself, in a remote part of Ireland where for generations land-hungry natives have just managed to live by wheedling and threatening landlords—often only at the cost, too, of their equally pinched neighbours. Such a man finds himself treated as the holder of a marvellous lucky-bag out of which the earliest dipper will get the richest prize, and all the time he is watched with slant-eyed mistrust. Who has already got round him? What's he up to next? Who is he going to do a deal with? These whispers surround him. Irish cajolery changing into intense suspicion and then, when disappointed, into violence, offers excellent opportunities for comedy; and these scenes are played with that combination of spontaneous exuberance and an exact sense of character which is the prime merit of all Irish acting. Mr. Charles Victor's Dan Dolan (the second most important part in the play) is a little masterpiece of impersonation. The way Dan flares up and subsides into docility, refuses to budge and returns to climb down is highly entertaining; and Mr. Victor also succeeds in suggesting to us the presence in this gnarled, grotesque old stump of a peasant of some virtue on which those with faith in Ireland's future can rely. The importation of Dan Dolan into one of the best small-farms in Kilrea was essential to Stephen Moore's forward-looking plans for Irish agriculture. First because Dan's previous farm was the one spot where (once the Land Commission had made up its mind to spend the money) a bridge could be built to open up all the wild, empty but cultivable land across the river; and, secondly, because Stephen Moore divined that Dolan was tough enough to stick to a good farm and work it, in spite of threats or even danger to his life from the envious natives of Kilrea. Sure enough, at the end of the second act there is a shot off-stage which might well mean the end of Dolan. And we hear it at the moment when Stephen Moore's elation at having carried through this negotiation, and also at having had the strength of mind to force the squire to sell out and go, has released in words, for a first and last time, the faith which has sustained his grim but admirable forbearance. "Rural Paradise indeed!" his young assistant retorts. "This is the shambles!"

So much for one side of the work of a local agent of the Land Commission, and the dramatic possibilities it holds. He is an isolated man. He cannot mix with the landowning class nor with the small people, without risking his impartiality, yet he must, if he is not to intensify fury at his decisions, keep uniformly considerate towards all. This impression of being a lonely as well as a just man Mr. Wilfred Lawson perfectly conveyed. Another side of his work is the training of subordinates to bear isolation; a difficult lesson for any young man to learn, especially O'Neill, who happens to be in love with the landlord's daughter and whose love is returned. In the course of the play we watch him being trained by Moore's example, and occasional flashes of scorn, to take his place and carry on his work. This happens in the last act; a scene which takes place twelve years later. O'Neill's prospects of marriage were, of course, ruined by the expulsion of Cecily's father from the home of his family: in the days of the Plantation the Barringtons had owned forty thousand acres. After the painful inarticulate parting from her he had endured a severe apprenticeship across the river; in that desolate district from which Stephen Moore himself had come to Kilrea, Mr. Murray (who made a good Thersites, you remember) played this part with a trenchant restless exasperation which did him credit. But he might be more careful to be completely articulate. Sometimes he shook his words between his teeth so that only fragments were audible.

And what about the old landowning class? Their predicament also contributes an element of drama. In the play this contribution, namely pathos and the value of what has to be destroyed if Moore's dream of a happy Ireland entirely composed of smallholders is ever to come true, is suggested, but hardly brought out enough. There is the picture post card of the rose-garden of Kilrea House which Cecily sent to O'Neill; there is Cecily's return to buy from Dolan a bit of graveyard land, that she may lay her father's body among his ancestors. That is all. The weakest point both in performance and in dramatic value is the part of Barrington. Among the three kinds of gentlemen whom the Irish people used to recognise, half-mounted gentlemen, gentlemen every inch of them, gentlemen to the backbone, Mr. Barrington did certainly not belong to either of the first two classes. It was a pity. The play which in its unobtrusive but effective way presents dramatically the different facets of a transition from landlordism to small proprietorship, would have been more complete, had it projected the finer type of the dispossessed. Ireland has been cursed with some of the worst landlords who ever existed, but on the other hand outside the pages of Tolstoy it would be difficult to find a more enchanting, human, kindly life than that which once was lived in many Irish country houses. Barrington ought not to have been a man into whose face Dolan would thrust his nose and bawl. That struck me, in any case, as the one false note in Mr. Victor's performance, which was the best impersonation of an Irish peasant by an English actor I have seen.

Perhaps the reader will have gathered that the whole play is held together by the character of Stephen Moore himself, though it is enlivened by excellent comedy such as the old hotel porter (Mr. John Bland) provides, and the incongruities of its theme are emphasised by the questions of an inquiring imperturbable Japanese investigator. Mr. Wilfred Lawson sustains the play magnificently. Though he is constantly on the stage, the part is really a short one. "Yes," "No," "Certainly not," "Think it over," "Don't," "I don't know whether to laugh or cry; I think I'll laugh"—by means of such laconic utterances, into which the actor has to put varying shades of feeling, a character is conveyed who holds our interest and our sympathy. Only an actor with exceptional reserves of that emotional power which was patent in Mr. Lawson's performance as the business man in *I Have Been Here Before*, and in his Volpone could have achieved this remarkable success. His "veiled voice" is impressive, but he must not veil it too much.

DESMOND MACCARTHY

IN ILLNESS

In illness how large your eyes became
Wolf-eyed, my lion-hearted! Blame
The blanket and the coverlet
That throw a snow on the violet
Pain-lidded face. In agony
Of ebbing blood's born a beauty
More dangerous, to whip the blood,
Than the health in which your body stood.
Forgive me that it's now I most
Long for the touch, the body's boast,
Now that in haemorrhages your ghost
Usurps the living past.
Your hand, like Shelley's lady from a tower,
Totters daftly across the sheets; a sour
Smile tells of pangs redoubled, a lost clot
At which life itself halts; I'll not
Look into your eyes at dawn
But touch the hand quickly withdrawn.

G. W. STONIER

THEY FOUGHT FOR DEMOCRACY

[These notes were made by a Spaniard who has been brought to England from St. Cyprien refugee camp in the South of France.]

The caravan of Spanish refugees was slowly moving towards concentration camps. It was a mixed crowd of men, women and children, ragged and fagged. Trucks, cars, carts and

beasts of burden loaded with household goods and even furniture, moved faster, splitting the crowd in groups.

Every twenty-five yards a French soldier, a Senegalese trooper or a Mobile Guard kept the mass in constant advance. *Allez . . . allez !*

Tired, worn-out, some of my party wanted to rest, and I called a halt. A French officer with an orderly comes along and with the *Allez . . . allez !* tries to get us on the move again. I refuse. To entice us he says : " Le Boulou, good camp . . . only three kilometres away ! Good bed . . good supper . . . for you there. *Allez . . . allez !* "

Nothing doing ! I still refused to move and finally he gives us ten minutes to rest and goes. His orderly remains behind, and without any questioning he flares out : " Don't you believe him, comrades, he is a bloody liar ! Le Boulou is not three kilometres away, but thirteen, and you will find no supper or bed when you get there. . . . !

He was a son of Spanish parents, born in France.

* * *

The long trek from Figueras to France came to an end. We had arrived in Camp Saint Cyprien, where German prisoners were kept during the Great War. It was then known as Death Camp.

In pitch darkness we had to find a place to rest. Others, more fortunate, we thought, had arrived during the day and set up their " tents." We could feel them in the dark, set anywhere in labyrinthic design. It was freezing hard. Some fires were burning here and there and we took advantage of them to warm ourselves. No supper, nor bed . . . not even a hut or shack to crawl under. The stars above, and the cold wet sand below were our abode. Little did I think, then, that such conditions would be my lot for thirty-three days !

* * *

It rains in Saint Cyprien. Our terror has finally come. Activity is at its highest pitch. Everybody helps to make the " tents " watertight. I have not such a problem. My point is to keep as dry as possible the six feet by three of sand where I intend to lay as I have laid for thirty-two previous nights.

The wind shifts and the common enemy stops. It is bright at intervals. When night comes I dress up to go to " bed." Contrarily to what most people do when retiring to rest, we have to put on as many warm clothes as we have. My leather jacket is on, and so is my woollen cap. I put my boots on, and the bath gown as an overall, and wrapping myself up in a blanket, lay to sleep. My pillow a cheap cardboard handbag. Not soft, yet comfortable enough.

I do not know what time it is when the rain, heavy, pouring rain, wakes me up. My blanket and gown still hold out, but it is not long before I feel trickles of rain running from my upper side, round my belly to the under side. When they get there they are warm. I can stand them. Later I register a *leakage* along my back, and yet another between my thighs. Puddles begin to form under me, still warmed up by body heat. I dare not move for fear of spreading them, but it is so cold already that I cannot master them any longer. I set myself in search of a tent to avoid the hard hitting rain. They are full to capacity, and I slowly turn round and seek the shelter of my friendly sand hole.

* * *

Saint Cyprien is crowded to capacity. Some 60,000 refugee-prisoners manage to live there. Death rate is some 15 a day, and we consider ourselves pretty lucky, especially bearing in mind that there are no sanitary conditions whatsoever, and that medical attention is almost nil. I talked about it with a French officer. He offered us this consolation :

> " You Spaniards are a hardy lot. . . . ! We had the German war-prisoners in this camp and they died at the rate of some sixty a day. I cannot understand it. Your death-rate is only fifteen a day. Wonderful ! "

We, really and honestly, were terribly sorry to disappoint him. Perhaps he expected the pestilential " reds " to die at the rate of 600 and so solve a French national problem. And the Germans had decent huts !

He had no relatives anywhere. No one in the world to write to him a short sympathetic letter. Yet, morning and evening he would go to the post office—the camp post office—to enquire : Is there a letter for Manuel Espiñeira ? He well knew the negative answer. Still he persisted ! It is so horrible to feel alone in a crowd ! But, finally, he broke. He could stand it no longer and he wrote to me here in England :

> Will you, please, write me a letter ? I go to the post daily and always get the same reply : There is nothing for you, Espiñeira. I knew it. I have no relatives in the whole world, and you who have also been a prisoner in these hellish camps know what consolation letters bring to our comrades. Please, write to me !

I have done so. I still keep up correspondence with him. I feel it is my humane duty.

MARCELINO SANCHEZ

PLAYS AND PICTURES

Ballet Rambert at the Mercury

Lady into Fox is so good a theme for ballet that one wonders it hasn't been attempted before. Perhaps the music was the difficulty, and Honnegger's score is certainly not ideal for the purpose. It groans while the action on the stage is fabulous and pretty. Some chances in choreography (Miss Andrée Howard), have been missed : that exquisite scene in the novel where the fox is found playing with her cubs is not even hinted at, and the final kill is omitted—why, it's not easy to see. Instead there is a queer ball at the beginning when a huntsman does a wild fling and strikes an ominous note : a few minutes later, the pretty red-haired, black-patted fox has sprung into her master's arms. That animal leap, confiding but essentially foxy, is charmingly simulated by Miss Sally Gilmour, who makes a fox we all fall in love with. Her tail, the white streak down her body, her crouch, her habit of folding her paws, are delightful. And her eyes ! Pleading, innocent, and in the end wild, they dance best ! One scene, beside a stone wall under a tree, when the fox already knows the terrors of freedom, is exceptionally alive. One looked for Miss Sally Gilmour's reappearance in *Paris-Soir* ; she has a small part, but controls it well. Miss Maud Lloyd again made a hit as the prancing, glancing creole on the Paris corner. The first ballet on the programme was *Lac des Cygnes*. The lovely concluding air overrode Honnegger and Poulenc and was whistled into tubes and taxis when we had left the theatre.

" Points of View," First Three Series
" The March of Time," Fifth Year, No. 1 (America thinks it over)

Free and open discussion of controversial topics, which should be an essential element in democratic life, has lately shown a tendency to languish. There are plenty of reasons : a distaste for the forum induced by such degrading spectacles as the robot audientes of Nuremberg and Turin, mistrust of oratory, preference for the chattier style of the broadcast speaker, and the feeling, widespread in a specialist age, that " these things are all so difficult " and had better be left to the experts. The two great contemporary mediums of propaganda, cinema and wireless, ought also to form the principal channels of public debate ; both are hampered by largely self-imposed censorship. What may prove a valuable series of short films is this month launched under the editorship of Mr. Ivan Scott, a well-known newsreel commentator. Each issue runs for twenty minutes ; photography, cutting and production are completely professional ; most audiences will find them good entertainment. It remains to be seen what opposition would be aroused should Mr. Scott attempt so tricky a subject as conscription ; his first three issues debate such questions as whether we should grow more food, whether milk distribution should be rationalised by the elimination of competing milkmen from the same district, whether hospitals should be supported by charity or the State, and so on. A real attempt has been made to present the issue impartially, though the arguments in favour of the existing hospital system were bound to seem flimsy. Popular appeal has not been forgotten ; and " Should Women Make Up ? " contains a vulgar little narrative about High-Stepping Helen and Jaded Jane which is simply an animated strip advert. No doubt, if *Points of View* is to be widely booked (as is most desirable) it must feel its way gingerly with the distributors and the Board of Censors ; and we await developments with interest.

The March of Time has its own point of view, and its latest bulletin is devoted to the demonstration that America at large shares it. This pictorial analysis of American public opinion shows in some detail the organisation of the New Fortune Survey System, which made its name by predicting the result of the 1936 presidential election within one per cent. It is pleasant to be told, on the evidence of recent Fortune polls, that (a) a full majority approve of Roosevelt's policy of co-operation with the European democracies, (b) the most widely liked nation is Great Britain, (c) the most widely disliked Nazi Germany.

"The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn," lately at the Empire
"Elephants Never Forget," at the London Pavilion (From Monday)

Mickey Rooney was obviously a perfect choice for Huck Finn, and his performance is flawless. But it needed a director of genius to recreate on the screen the lazy, picaresque feeling of Mark Twain's novel with its long philosophical ramblings: everything seems to be happening too quickly, and there is too little time to lie on one's back, watch the enormous Mississippi float past, smoke one's pipe, squelch one's toes in the river mud, and do absolutely nuffin. For one halcyon moment Huck and Indian Jim (beautifully acted by Rex Ingram) relax and discuss the duties of kings, but it passes too quickly. Apart from the elimination of Tom Sawyer no violence is done to the book, and perhaps its essence is incommunicable in terms of cinema.

Hardy without Laurel! Hardy in a period piece! Hardy as a small-town doctor with strong feelings about social justice! Whatever next? *Elephants Never Forget*, which promised well with Billie Burke as a scatter-brained Mrs. Hardy, declined into regulation farce. But Hardy's delayed response is always amusing (he was the fat one of the partnership) and there is a very funny scene in which he pays a professional call on a delightfully intelligent elephant, applying his stethoscope here and there and apprehensively taking her temperature and pulse.

Picasso at the London Gallery

Here are fifty-one paintings and drawings by Picasso, lent by English collectors. They range in period from 1903 to 1937, the years between 1925 and 1932 not being represented. Though a Seated Nude of 1922 should convince even the most conservative that Picasso is equal as a draughtsman to any in history, the most easily approachable sides of the artist do not show here. In most of these works there are only allusions to natural appearances, and our pleasure comes purely from the invention and manipulation of forms. Like music, this abstract painting can of course convey a variety of moods, some of the designs are as orderly as equations, others are tumultuous or disquieting. In face of these astonishing works, one is amazed that anybody should persist in thinking representation the chief purpose of a painter, for the delight given by them is indistinguishable in nature from the delight given by the work of the great realists—though their pictures, of course, bring other and less essential pleasures as well. Two of the most impressive paintings in the show, the *Danseuse Nègre* and *La Femme Verte* date respectively from 1907 and 1909, one of the most delicious, Sir Michael Sadler's *Nature Morte*, from 1913, and the most agitating, Mr. Penrose's *Femme Qui Pleure* from 1937. But the period that emerges most triumphantly from the comparisons possible at this exhibition is the 1922–1923 period: looking at works like Mr. Ventris's *Nature Morte aux Couleurs Opposées*, Mrs. Ventris's *La Guitare et le Verre* and Mr. Keynes's *Nature Morte à la Pomme*, is a satisfaction comparable to that derived from listening to the compositions of Bach and Haydn. Pater suggested that all the arts aspired to the condition of music—in such works painting has achieved this aspiration. Picasso has in his recent work been more dramatic and more sumptuous, but he has never been more impressive.

Antony Bridge at the Storran

This first one-man show deserves particular attention. A young painter necessarily works in an already existing style, which makes it intensely difficult to distinguish his individual gift from his fluency in imitation. Could one have been certain from the earliest works of Raphael and Picasso that these were incomparably greater artists than Perugino and Lautrec? The first pictures of Sargent and Orpen gave the most delusive notions of what these painters might be expected to achieve. Any attempt to "place" an artist as young as Mr. Bridge must be a mere guess. He paints in the post-Cézanne style, and his pictures would not have looked out of place in the pre-war Salon d'Automne, hung by the side of Marchands and Derains and de la Fresnayes—that is to say that they are composed in a sound architectural manner. His sense of colour is uncommonly good, his paint is apt to be rather hasty, not to say coarse. Two Still Lifes (1 and 2) would be outstandingly good pictures if they were more delicately executed, and the most successful works are *The Kitchen* and the *Still Life with Flowered Vase*, in which the small size of the canvas seems to have refined the painter's touch. Mr. Bridge possesses an extraordinary gift for large decorations—an apse he decorated in a school chapel at Mill Hill is one of the best modern wall-paintings we have seen. These easel-pictures are less startling, but they situate Mr. Bridge among our most promising artists, and they should be seen by everyone interested in seeing a talent in its Spring.

The Chelsea Flower Show

Chelsea is weatherproof. No matter what extremes of heat or cold, rain or drought, the flourish of Chelsea appears unblemished. The standard of culture is now so high that preferences and awards must be to a large extent governed by personal taste or the actual arrangement of the exhibits. Serious reservations one does make on some of the work of the hybridists and the loss of character sustained through the colour mixing and inflation of once graceful, simple flowers. Nevertheless, the patience and skill which go to make such a show must be enormous and there can be few occupations where sheer technical ability receives so capricious a reward. High spots this year are: Sutton's magnificent display of annuals containing over twenty thousand plants, Blackmore and Langdon's Delphiniums and Begonias, Messrs. Constable's and Messrs. Wallace's Lilies, Engelmann's Carnations and a wonderful display of glasshouse plants by Mr. Pierpont Morgan. Comparison between the many exhibits of Flowering Shrubs, Azaleas and Rhododendrons, both outside and in, is almost impossible where such a plethora of beautiful groups are to be seen. The outdoor gardens were, on the whole, disappointing, but Wood's rock garden of Welsh Slate "on end" deserves special mention as a break-away from the doldrums in which rock garden design has languished for some time. Accessories from greenhouses downwards are in the true Great Portland Street tradition. Few exhibits merited a Horrific Certificate, but surely Anthuriums should be labelled "For Adults Only." The many tons of gravel lavished on the mud by thoughtful authority were never more acceptable.

THE COMING WEEK

FRIDAY, May 19th—
- Dr. N. Ruhemann: "Social Life in the U.S.S.R." 98 Gower Street, 8.
- Meeting for Ludwig Renn, exiled writer from Germany: Chairman: Miss Storm Jameson, West Central Hall, Alfred Place, W.C.1, 8.

SATURDAY, May 20th—
- League of Arts: Performance of Euripides' "Hippolytus," by the Dionysians, Victoria and Albert Museum, 3.

SUNDAY, May 21st—
- Prof. G. W. Keeton: "The Future of the British Commonwealth," Conway Hall, 11.
- W. H. Thompson: "Censorship in the Films," 153 Finchley Road, 6.15.

MONDAY, May 22nd—
- Performance of "Babes in the Wood," in aid of Foster-Parents' Scheme for Children in Spain, Unity Theatre, 8.30.
- Ballets Jooss, Old Vic.
- "Sixth Floor," St. James'.

TUESDAY, May 23rd—
- Miss M. Green: "High Rents Eat into the Food Budget," Housing Centre Lunch, 13 Suffolk Street, S.W.1. Non-members, 1*s*.
- Recital by Mme. Yvette Guilbert of Songs from Baudelaire, Wigmore Hall, 3.
- Meeting of People's Campaign Against War and Usury, Conway Hall, 8. Tickets 1*s*. and 6*d*.
- Dr. Ernest Jones: "Evolution and Revolution," 96 Gloucester Place, W.1, 8.30.
- "Behold the Bride," Shaftesbury.

WEDNESDAY, May 24th—
- Dr. William Brown: "The Psychology of War and Peace." Y.W.C.A. Central Club, 8.30.
- "Of Mice and Men," Apollo.

THURSDAY, May 25th—
- K. Zilliacus: "U.S.S.R.," Livingstone Hall, 8.
- "Only Yesterday," Playhouse.
- "The Springtime of Others," Gate.

SATURDAY, May 27th—
- Whitsun Conference and Field Classes of Le Play Society, Harrogate. Full particulars from 1 Gordon Square, W.C.1.

Correspondence

CONSCRIPTION OF WEALTH

SIR,—As a *quid pro quo* to peace-time conscripts, Chamberlain promises control of war-time profiteers. In other words, the chronic crisis is sufficiently severe for him to break his pledge of no-conscription, but not sufficiently severe for him to control the industrialists and commodity holders whose profits are swelling in anticipation of the results of Chamberlain diplomacy. But even if this *quid pro quo* were not so obviously bogus and if, instead, Chamberlain had offered immediate control of profits, there would still be reason to consider that "control of profits," so far from making the industrialist offer a parallel sacrifice to that of the conscript or volunteer whose life is pledged, means, in reality, "guarantee of profit."

On what basis is "fair profit" to be determined and who is to determine prices? Government Departments necessarily determine their purchase prices in accordance with the basic prices quoted by the firms on their departmental lists. Some industries, like the cement industry, have fixed schedules of prices. In others, like the plywood industry, prices, although not scheduled, have a family likeness born of the urge to be as high as the consumer will pay. Who will advise the Government as to the market price of products and commodities? Can we assume that it will be the existing Marketing Boards, Associations and Federations who have such friendly connections with the Government? Can we assume that other Boards of Business Men will be, or have been, set up in order to advise the Government on how to control their own profit? If so, we can assume that controlled profit means "Assured profits"—and how!

In the case of manufactured goods, the danger to the community of the guaranteed percentage of net profit increases. In every commercial firm there is always the nebulous figure of overhead expenses. If the Government determines that, for example, 5 per cent. on cost, after paying overhead expenses, is a fair net profit, it would be charitable to our capitalists to believe that overhead expenses (with the conceivable appointment of Aunt Fanny, Uncle George and Bill the Office Cat to the pay-roll and extra allowances to keep the Board of Directors in their bomb-proof villas in Devon) will not provide the extra profits which they consider their national service merits.

The only true *quid pro quo* for conscription of men is conscription of wealth—and conscription of wealth is conscription of the means of production. If the British industrialists are prepared for this and ask for compensation, let them have it—2*s*. per day for every conscript capitalist as for every conscript soldier.

Whewell House, MAURICE EDELMAN
Mill Hill, N.W.7.

SIR SAMUEL HOARE AND THE POLICE

SIR,—In connection with the allegations of police violence at the "Arms for Spain" demonstration on January 31st, the Home Secretary in a debate in the House of Commons on February 13th stated:

> I am prepared to look into these cases myself if Hon. Members will give me the details. I am prepared, if necessary, to see some of the complainants myself, and if I then find that there is a case for further investigation it will be my duty to order it.

The National Council for Civil Liberties are asking Sir Samuel Hoare to fulfil his promise to interview some of these witnesses. Sir Stafford Cripps has protested against Sir Samuel's refusal to fulfil this pledge. A dossier of 64 statements which were carefully investigated by the Council's legal advisers was presented to the Home Secretary by Members of Parliament. Sir Samuel Hoare's refusal to interview witnesses who, I am convinced, would impress him as entirely reliable, unfortunately suggests that he is unwilling to satisfy himself as to the credibility of the persons who have made these grave allegations.

With great respect I submit that the Home Secretary in the debate of February 13th, prejudged the issue (before he had ever seen the 64 statements) when he said that he had "convinced himself that the conduct of the police was exemplary."

Sir Samuel Hoare appears to suggest that the demonstrators were disorderly. As an independent person who was present throughout the entire evening, I can state emphatically that there was never, at any time, the slightest violence or disorder on the part of the so-called demonstrators. In spite of the large crowds, the police were able to comply with Sessional Orders by keeping the entrances to the Houses of Parliament clear of obstruction. This, the police did quite properly at the outset. A little later, however, they indulged in violence towards the crowds while these were still entirely orderly. If the object of the police were to clear the streets, why was the police loud-speaker van not used? In fact, the police closed both ends of the streets and, while the crowds were thus penned-in, assaults took place. The attacks by the police were wholly unprovoked.

Regarding Sir Samuel Hoare's suggestion that the complainants were at liberty to make official complaints or to institute proceedings, complaints were, in point of fact, made to superior officers on this occasion, but they appeared to receive little or no attention. The greatest difficulty of all which hinders aggrieved persons from making specific complaints through the authorities, or from issuing summonses against individual officers, is that when any attack on or rough treatment of members of the public by police officers occurs, it is extremely difficult for injured or frightened people to take the policemen's numbers—without which the complainants cannot even take out their summonses. In the confusion caused by such attacks, the members of the crowd seldom realise the importance of taking police numbers and there have been, to my personal knowledge, occasions when an attempt to write down police numbers has resulted in an arrest or threat of arrest. In the very natural absence of any written record of the numbers of the offending officers, civil action against these officers becomes virtually impossible. The Home Secretary's suggestion that a complaint to the Commissioner of Police (in which the number of the offending officers will be just as necessary as in legal proceedings) will secure proper investigation by the authorities at Scotland Yard, is not borne out by the facts.

I am sending Sir Samuel Hoare evidence on this point.

Those officers against whom complaint has been made appeared to recognise that the persons who were struck with batons and fists or suffered other forms of violence had committed no offences whatever. Had such members of the crowd committed any offences they would immediately have been arrested, but in fact they were not. The refusal to arrest assaulted persons indicates that there was no charge which could be brought against them.

RONALD KIDD,
Secretary

The National Council
for Civil Liberties,
Morley House,
320 Regent Street, London, W.1.

MR. GEDYE AND THE "DAILY TELEGRAPH"

SIR,—I should like to be allowed to comment on the letter of the Managing Editor of the *Daily Telegraph* published in your issue of April 22nd. Mr. Watson refers to my book, *Fallen Bastions*, as "a violently worded commentary on events in Central Europe." This description seems not to be borne out by the average reviewer on both sides of the Atlantic, nor has the book generally been treated as showing "a partisan attitude," although certain "violently worded" criticisms have appeared in "partisan" Chamberlainite publications. In general, my reviewers have been good enough to regard my book as a fully documented and accurate account of the tragedies of Czechoslovakia and Austria which amounts to an indictment of Mr. Chamberlain's foreign policy.

The *Daily Telegraph* in July last, without any knowledge of the contents of my book, took in a letter "the strongest objection" to its publication on the grounds that a publisher's preliminary announcement had described it as "telling the uncensored truth of what the Author has seen." In reply I pointed out that I had exercised the undisputed freedom allowed me by my contract to write two books without any such suggestion as advanced in July that I required "authorisation" to do so. My offer to resign at once rather than suppress *Fallen Bastions* or submit it to censorship was not accepted. I pointed out that the book would contain no reference to my connection with the *Daily Telegraph*.

Last February, when the book appeared, I was summoned to London. Mr. Watson and Colonel Lawson, the General Manager, at once made it clear that my position as correspondent of the paper was incompatible with the views expressed on the Prime Minister's foreign policy in my book. There was no other issue between us. Mr. Watson writes that I "resigned by mutual

arrangement." It is correct. It is equally correct that Herr Hitler invaded Czechoslovakia " by mutual arrangement " with President Hacha.

Both Mr. Watson and Colonel Lawson treated me with every courtesy. (Incidentally, President Hacha was received with full military honours when he went to Berlin to hear sentence of death pronounced on his country.) As Mr. Watson indicates, I was told that as a result of my attitude towards the Chamberlain policy, the readers of the *Daily Telegraph* would conclude that I was incapable of continuing to report accurately and impartially events in Central Europe. I renewed my offer to resign—which was accepted—but objected to the logic of the argument used against me, pointing out that the *Daily Telegraph* made no pretence of impartiality in its leading articles, but that this did not presumably lead anyone to doubt the impartiality of its news. No reader, I said, could imagine that any journalist could fail to hold strong views for or against the Chamberlain policy at this supremely critical juncture, and the fact that I had strongly condemned the path being followed as spelling ruin to British interests would not make any intelligent person feel that by *expressing* such views I had destroyed my own reputation as a reporter of events. In any case I felt it my duty to speak out at this terribly critical juncture and was fully prepared to take the consequences. I was told that no doubts were in fact cast on my ability to continue to prove myself as sound a journalist as I had always been, but that " the readers " might doubt it—and the consequences would have to be taken. Colonel Lawson even said that it was not a question of the paper's politics, but as General Manager of the *Daily Herald* he would take the same view, and that he considered I had made myself useless as correspondent to any paper. Curiously enough, on my arrival back in Prague the *Daily Herald* telephoned to ask me to do the same work for them as I had been doing for the *Daily Telegraph*; my work for the *New York Times*, which has now appointed me its correspondent in Moscow, prevented me from accepting.

Colleagues on other newspapers have written indisputably " partisan " books without sharing my fate, but, after my example, how many can afford in future to disagree publicly with the policy of Mr. Chamberlain, however urgent it may seem in the country's interests to speak out? The importance of the principle involved is my excuse for troubling you at such length.

In the British Pavilion in the New York " World's Fair " I read last night, amidst the exhibits designed to persuade America of Britain's democracy and high social ideals, the following sentences emblazoned in huge letters: " In our country a man may hear and read and talk as he pleases. Like you, we keep our freedom." But a man may not, it seems, write as he pleases about Mr. Chamberlain and remain a foreign correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*. Lord Camrose, the owner of the paper—who, I was told, had read my book and was " extremely angry "—has acted, of course, entirely within his rights. I have no grievance. But is the newspaper-reading public satisfied? For me, the final rape of Czechoslovakia last March (which my book foretold), the humiliating picture of Britain's Premier running through Europe in search of allies to help him lock the Central European door now that the Czechoslovak horse has been stolen, the belated efforts to get Russia to pull the chestnuts out of a fire she would gladly have helped to trample out last September and, above all, the rooted distrust of Mr. Chamberlain which I find pervading all circles, official and private, in the United States, are for me full justification for my efforts to give in my book such warnings as I could—warnings which I hope to amplify shortly—to my fellow countrymen who are too far removed from the things I saw at close quarters to know the details of what Chamberlainism is doing to British interests.

G. E. R. GEDYE

Hotel Fourteen,
14 East 60th Street, New York.

ACCESS TO MOUNTAINS BILL

SIR,—Prof. Joad has a short memory for the sayings of Joad on this problem of Access. It would scarcely be to the point if I corrected his many inconsistences and inaccurate statements. He prefers to wander where the spirit takes him; but that is less permissible when he talks about Access. He says, for instance, he knows no precedents where a penalty is imposed for trespass without damage. Such innocence or ignorance throws light on his limitations in instructing the public on the Access Bill.

He extravagantly exposes the havoc he likes to believe I have done to the Ramblers' cause. I must have had access to his guide to modern wickedness! The Bill is worse, he says, than the " gratuitious access " suffered to-day. He wants general access (he does not make clear what that means, for apparently he is prepared to agree to restrictions and exceptions) in place of access obtained by Order. The point is whether his demand is a practical issue. He forgets that the Bill is concerned with downlands and heaths as well as with grouse moors and mountains; that it is applicable not only to Derbyshire, but to these lands in the whole country. Its scope is not limited to members of Rambling Clubs, but includes the general public as well. If there are private and public landowners with legitimate interests in their land, how are the claims of the public to wander to be adjusted in relation to these interests? It was because the Bill tried to meet this problem that the House of Commons gave it a unanimous Third Reading and all parties welcomed the Bill in the Lords on the Second Reading.

It is absurd to talk of general access in the present circumstances of the land. Let me remind Prof. Joad that the old Bill was discredited by many access advocates long before I took it up; it was known to be a badly conceived Bill; though mainly a declaration of public rights, it did not offer free general access—there were restrictions, limitations on access and penalties. Prof. Joad has more than once uncomplainingly noted the machinery of the Bill, the penalties for trespass in the 1925 Act, and the need for adjusting the rights of owners with the claims of the public. How was this to be done except by the machinery of the Bill, i.e., except by inquiries, maps, restrictions and the like?

Prof. Joad denies that the Bill was agreed. The parties in the negotiations (one side of which consulted the Ramblers as one of the interests affected) reached an agreement which had sufficient virtue in it to justify amendment to the original Bill. It is true that the Ramblers' representative always opposed sanctions in respect to trespass in certain circumstances. But with a public Minister answerable to the public and charged with the responsibility of administering a Bill to give the maximum of public access and with the experience on this point in other legislation, I, with the Commons Society, felt it proper to leave the question of restrictions in respect to the new areas of access gained for the public to the discretion of the Minister, rather than jeopardise a Bill which offered the public considerable advantages. And in respect to the costs of obtaining Orders the Bill provided some means of reducing this difficulty to the Ramblers.

Extravagant statements about trespass penalties in access areas have been made. A measure designed to give the public rights of access over big areas of land is condemned because certain people (Prof. Joad says, " most of us ") think it more important that a comparatively few individuals should be able deliberately to go where and when they like on land which a public Minister for certain practical reasons has by Order put out of bounds. These few to-day play hide and seek with keepers and spoil their walks by unpleasant encounters. But such conditions (with the right of keepers to order and remove people from private land) prevent thousands of town dwellers from using the moors and bring the trespass law into disrepute. How could a general Access Bill be much different from this regulated one? Surely the ramblers never thought that the interests in land (the public authorities and public utilities as well as the private owners) would all suddenly renounce their deep rooted and legitimate interests?

I think that ramblers after seeking the amendments they want, should try to work the Bill, get the co-operation of the local authorities, and see what experience produces. My judgment may prove wrong, but I am confident that for the bulk of the rambling public the Bill if worked will open out great areas of land to which they will have legal access and enjoyment for the first time.

A. CREECH JONES

Transport House,
Smith Square, S.W.1.

SIR,—The objections of Professor Joad and those who agree with him to the " trespass " clause in the Access to Mountains Bill appear to be based on the claim that the public have an unqualified moral right to trespass on private lands of certain kinds and that this ought to be converted into an unqualified legal right. The Bill will unquestionably enable the public to obtain legal rights of access to wide tracts of natural scenery on conditions which will be innocuous to reasonable and well-disposed persons; but Professor Joad considers it worthless because wilful disregard of these conditions will be penalised.

The logical inference is that those who criticise the Bill on these lines want to be able to go wherever they wish and do as

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LAWRENCE CHUBB,
Secretary.
Commons, Open Spaces and Footpaths Preservation Society,
71 Eccleston Square, Belgrave Road, S.W.1.

THE HOUSING PROBLEM

SIR,—There is no doubt that, in many cases, housing schemes have been ill-considered, and even botched and bungled. Houses should be built up to a standard, and not skinned down to a price. The root of the failure lies in not having one central authority to maintain a definite standard of design and specification. Small townships and rural councils have simply handed the matter over to their local surveyor, who, with the best will in the world, simply hasn't had the knowledge and experience to produce up-to-date plans.

Housing to-day is a highly specialised department of architecture. The great success of the London County Council is due to the fact that a large competent staff is engaged in doing nothing else but planning and carrying out settlement and housing schemes in London. One of the best of these Metropolitan schemes may be seen at White Hart Lane in North London, and it is a perfect delight to see the variety and contrast in elevations, and the setting back of blocks of cottages. One of the central features is a lovely garden designed specially for children. The money for this was given by a wealthy Jewish philanthropist.

The Government should set up a Permanent Town Planning Commission with full powers to acquire land within range of large cities, and there plan satellite towns of definite size, which should not be exceeded, by statute. This Commission would employ all the best-known methods of building and planning, and would take the problem outside politics altogether. There are several examples of successful town planning in this country, such as at Welwyn and Letchworth. Other examples exist abroad, notably in Germany and America.

In recent years there have been so many new materials introduced into building practice, that it seems deplorable that all this new technique is not utilised in providing homes for the people.

The speculator is naturally out to make a good profit out of his schemes, and cannot be expected to go to the expense of employing a staff of architects and engineers to spend months in preparing plans and sections before the work starts. He simply gets hold of a layout, one or two blue prints, and repeats this *ad lib.* over the landscape, producing a monotony which is soul destroying and buildings which will degenerate into slums in the future.

If such a Town Planning Commission were appointed, as suggested, it could transform the whole situation in a few years, and lay down a definite building code which would finally eliminate the jerrybuilder. The architect, engineer and builder must combine, and by their collaboration it is undoubtedly possible to clear the land of slums from one end of the country to the other, but the first need is for a definite plan of action.

With the country committed to spending over £1,500,000,000 in rearmament, the finance for housing should not be the greatest difficulty.

J. E. RHIND
A.R.I.B.A.,
Bowhill, Woodlands Avenue,
Weybourne, Nr. Farnham, Surrey. Dipl. Arch. (Aber.)

POLAND

SIR,—To describe Poland, as you do in your issue of May 6th, as a country "semi-feudal and semi-Fascist in its government" is certainly, to put it mildly, an exaggeration. There are in Poland no such contrasts of wealth and no such class differences as, e.g., in England (your paper is especially keen in exposing those aspects in the very instructive column "This England.") The Polish nobleman class is very impoverished and plays no outstanding part in governing the country. Furthermore it must never be forgotten that Poland was among the first European countries to introduce modern social legislation. Speaking of Polish "semi-feudalism" is simply a sort of colour blindness. The same comment can be made on the reference to a "semi-Fascist form of government." With political parties not suppressed and a free press existing, with a Diet not opposed to the changing of the present voting procedure—the system cannot be described in all fairness as "semi-Fascist."

"Poland treats its vast peasant population and its minorities abominably, has at its disposal a great army of cannon fodder, indifferent industrial resources and generals of the old Pilsudski tradition"—continues your article. This sentence reveals a certain indifference on the part of the writer to the real conditions in Poland. Nobody will deny that the peasant masses are poor; but so is the whole country which is laboriously building up its prosperity. Nobody is exploiting the peasant population in Polans and much is being done in the sphere of agrarian reform. The patriotic feeling of the Polish peasant, as well as his national and political consciousness, is of a very high quality. His discipline was demonstrated recently after the return of the exiled peasant leader Witos, who during the critical days of 1920 was the spokesman of the true feeling of the Polish peasant masses. Those masses are attached to the army, which for its part is doing excellently well in regard to the education of the recruits. Speaking of "cannon-fodder" is simply a bad joke out of place, for the peasant in general has a keen consciousness of what he is doing and Marshal Smigly-Rydz himself is of peasant parentage.

The German minority is well treated in Poland (compare, e.g., the number of German schools in Poland with the number of Polish schools in Germany). There is no persecution of Jews in Poland and all drastic methods against Jews would be opposed by the enlightened part of the nation. The Ukrainian minority has its grievances, but during the last few months has shown a more and more conciliatory attitude towards Poland after its bitter disenchantment with Hitler and Carpatho-Ruthenia.

I am sorry to be obliged to make these reservations in regard to your article, for THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION is a journal which I read in most cases with great pleasure and profit. But I am sure that you will be the first to recognise that the points to which I have called attention are very real and are calculated to produce resentment in a country which, after all, is united to yours by reciprocal guarantee.

DR. ZBIGNIEW GRABOWSKI,
78 Charlbert Court, London Correspondent "IKC"
Regents Park, N.W.8. Newspaper Syndicate, Poland.

HENRY SALT

SIR,—Mr. Conrad Noel's most interesting notice on the late Henry S. Salt in your issue of May 13th does not mention one side of Salt's humanitarian work of particular interest at the present time. *The Humanitarian League*, of which he was the founder, advocated the abolition of flogging both for adult criminals and juvenile delinquents. His book, *The Flogging Craze* (1916), written not long after the "white slave" scare had added another item to our haphazard list of floggable offences, completely demolishes the case for flogging and exposes the panic nature of the legislation mainly responsible for its existence in the penal code.

There was nothing of the crank about Salt. Like all his work, this book is a careful compilation of fact from which conclusions are rationally drawn. It is somewhat discouraging that at this time of day aged judges can still be heard to repeat long-exploded fallacies on this subject, and that at a recent meeting of Conservative women, speakers supporting the provisions of the Penal Reform Bill on flogging were shouted down.

ALEC CRAIG

SIR,—In justice to the memory of the late Henry Salt, I trust you will allow me to correct a misstatement in the otherwise interesting article which you publish. As intimate friends are well aware, it is most certainly untrue to say (as does your contributor) that, though an ardent vegetarian, "like Edward Carpenter he would 'eat what was set before him' rather than make his friends feel uncomfortable." To some the issue may appear to be unimportant, but not so, certainly, to this unflinching advocate of "animals' rights," who came more and more to consider absolute refusal to eat flesh as the most fundamental of all humanitarian reforms. He is known, too, on at least one occasion, to have actually expressed regret for the more complaisant attitude of his friend Carpenter in this regard.

The little house which he bought at Brighton as a result of the sale in America of letters received from "G. B. S."—incidentally, a matter not less creditable to the latter than to all other of the parties concerned—was called "The Shaw," not "Shaw House" as mentioned by Mr. Noel. The name led to considerable mystification, various persons requiring to know "what on earth was a 'shaw.'" With mock astonishment Salt (an inveterate leg-puller), pointing to the small plantation opposite, would exclaim, "Why, don't you know? *That's* the shaw"—leaving his abashed questioner, now thoroughly ashamed of his lack of expert knowledge, just as innocent as before

FRANK WYATT,
Secretary,
6 Duke Street, Adelphi, London, W.C.2. London Vegetarian Society

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Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

THE fretful porpentine appears to have been rootling at the bottom of every page of Professor Garrod's edition of *The Poetical Works of John Keats* (Oxford, 30s.), shooting quiverfuls of type, upper and lower case, italics, dates and longer notes. Lines 200 to 217 of *Endymion* Book IV provoke :

202 down the *D* valley *M*. 203 thee melancholy : *M* my melancholy *D*. 207 The Beeches keep *D*. 208 Folly *M*. 210 Triffling *M*. 212 rills] streaks *D*. 213 shoulders enough *M* : shoulders dainty *D*. 214 Venus' 1818 : Venus *M* : any *D*.

There are some whose love for Keats is satisfied by a simple page, and an unblemished margin on which, if so minded, they can scrawl emotionally in pencil. For them it is enough to know of " Bacchus and his Kin " that :

> Like to a moving vintage down they came,
> Crown'd with green leaves, and faces all on flame ;
> All madly dancing through the pleasant valley,
> To scare thee, Melancholy !
> O then, O then, thou wast a simple name !
> And I forgot thee, as the berried holly
> By shepherds is forgotten, when, in June,
> Tall chesnuts keep away the sun and moon :
> I rush'd into the folly !
>
> Within his car, aloft, young Bacchus stood,
> Trifling his ivy-dart, in dancing mood,
> With sidelong laughing :
> And little rills of crimson wine imbued
> His plump white arms, and shoulders, enough white
> For Venus' pearly bite :
> And near him rode Silenus on his ass,
> Pelted with flowers as he on did pass
> Tipsily quaffing.

But others, of whom I must admit I am one, find love breeds insatiable curiosity, and there is a fascination in finding out that in the first draft of *Endymion* (*D*) it was *my melancholy* and *The Beeches* instead of *Tall chesnuts* and that in the Pierpoint Morgan autograph copy (*M*) from which the poem was printed Keats wrote *Triffling*. Quite apart from the scale of the information provided in such an edition, there is to my mind an enormous pleasure in being given a genuine text, with no interpolations, or editorial improvements. A good example of the rectifications which result from textual scholarship is the following : Keats wrote :

> Better so
> Than thus fast-limed in a cursed snare,
> The limbo of a wanton.

The printer misread this *limbs*. Monckton Milnes, seeing this left the line a syllable short, amended the text to *white limbs*, which has been printed in every edition of Keats until the present one.

* * *

The insensitiveness and brutality of Wilson and Lockhart, who pursued Keats with abuse, is one of the most famous aesthetic aberrations inspired by politics. They hated a Cockney radical and friend of Leigh Hunt's. After his death they wrote and printed a parody of *Adonais*, which began :

> Weep for my Tomcat ! all ye Tabbies weep,
> For he is gone at last ! Not dead alone,
> In flowery beauty sleepeth he no sleep ;
> Like that bewitching youth Endymion.

Yet the textual examination of Keats's manuscripts reveals that there was more in their abuse of him as a Cockney than is commonly thought. For Keats apparently put an aspirate in the word *ex(h)altation* and wrote *ear* for *hear* and *hear* for *ear*. In the song *O blush not so !* Keats began the third verse with the line : *O say not so ! O say not so !* But it is abundantly clear from the next verse but one, *There's a sigh for aye, and a sigh for nay*, that he meant to write *sigh* throughout. He made the error because the words *sigh* and *say* sounded identical to him. Professor Garrod says of these mistakes in spelling, and of his intentional archaisms such as *lillies* and *dasies :*

> If it is pedantic to put these variants into an *apparatus criticus*, it is perhaps more pedantic not to find them interesting. The catalogue of these is not scholarship. But it is a venial diversion of scholarship. Indulging it, I have seemed to myself to know Keats better. But why this should be so, I have no idea.

But besides knowing how Keats spelled, and how he pronounced words, these notes show how he wrote, and what changes were made at the last moment. He originally wrote :

> Wide casements opening on the foam
> Of keel-less seas in faery lands folorn

The casements became *magic* and the seas *perilous* in the process of revision. Not all afterthoughts were for the better. Professor Garrod shows that it was Keats himself who changed : *Oh what can ail thee, knight-at-arms* into the truly unlucky *Oh what can ail thee, luckless wight.*

* * *

Since there is already in existence the four-volume edition edited by the late Mr. H. Buxton-Forman, it may be thought surprising that such an edition as this is wanted. Buxton-Forman attempted to make Keats's spelling consistent when it was not, he excluded poems which have since been shown to be by Keats, and he was unable to include the one or two which have only recently come to light, or to collate manuscripts and transcripts the existence of which were unknown to him. Here there are two new sonnets, one enumerating everything Keats had been doing, reading or listening to :

> The voice of Mr. Coleridge—a French Bonnet
> Before you in the pit—a pipe and tabour—
> A damn'd inseparable flute and neighbour—
> All these are vile—But viler Wordsworth's Sonnet
> On Dover :—Dover !—who could write upon it ?

The other additions are of minor interest, such as that *loosen'd lips* is a copyist's error for *loosen'd hips*. More important than these minor details is the proof that the earliest known letter of Keats's was written not in October, 1815, but in October, 1816. A good many interesting things follow, or arise from this alteration in chronology. For example, we now do not know where Keats lived when he first went to London, or how long he worked at the hospital. More important than this is that the Certificate, authorising him to practise as an apothecary, refers to him as " of full age," while he was yet a minor. Brown always suspected that Keats was a year older than he said, and adds that Keats had a curious dislike of having his birthdays kept. Keats's parents were married in October, 1794. Professor Garrod suggests that if Keats had really been born the following June he would have been—or seemed to have been, a seven-months' child, as tradition makes him out. Moreover, he would have been of full age on July 25th, 1816, the date of the Apothecaries' certificate. It appears likely that Keats was begotten out of wedlock and was the reason for his parents' marriage. If this conjecture is correct his birthday was afterwards shifted to the end of October, which was made possible by Keats not having been baptised till December. Professor Garrod has, by indulging his venial diversion of scholarship, and by scholarship of a high order, done a most important piece of work and produced an edition which will not be superseded. The arrangement of the poems is the feature most open to criticism. Here the poems appear in the order in which they were printed by Keats himself, and the posthumous and fugitive pieces are printed in sections within which chronological order is preserved. An objection can be made that the despised *Trivia*, relegated to the end of the volume, contain poems of far greater poetical merit than many of the poems which appeared in his first published volume. For example, the poem which begins : *Woman ! when I behold thee flippant, vain*, and ends with the poet hotly burning to be " a very Red Cross Knight " if she is " meek and kind and tender," is complete trash, while *There was a naughty Boy* is an inspired piece of autobiography and a really great poem. When the naughty boy ran away to Scotland he found :

> That lead
> was weighty
> That fourscore
> Was as eighty,

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That a door
Was as wooden,
As in England.

After these discoveries he "stood in his shoes and he wonder'd, he wonder'd." And in spite of gratitude and admiration to the great scholars one sometimes cannot help doing the same. DAVID GARNETT

NEW NOVELS

Beware of Pity. By STEFAN ZWEIG. *Cassell.* 8s. 6d.
Mr. Emmanuel. By LOUIS GOLDING. *Rich and Cowan.* 7s. 6d.
You Never Know, Do You? By A. E. COPPARD. *Methuen.* 7s. 6d.
Grasdanka. By SERGEY POTEMKIN. *Werner Laurie.* 7s. 6d.

In the modern literary temper only writers of extraordinary talent can afford to employ a polished and lucid style. The technique of the labyrinth and the tempo of the machine-gun lend their dubious but effective aid to gild the commonplaces of feeling, and only a Huxley or a Forster commands the ideas to support a simple presentation. D. H. L. and M.-G.-M. have, between them, jaded the emotional palate of the generation, and the novelist who wishes to cover their well-worn stamping-ground must needs do so at a gait more impressive than that of his predecessors. A novel that sets out to describe the emotional semitones of dull young people, and does so without the aid of wit or action, begins at a considerable disadvantage; when the author possesses the fluent lucidity of a pre-war journalist the disadvantage is likely to be fatal. The more pedestrian the story, the more ambitious should be its flights of style.

Beware of Pity is Herr Zweig's first long novel, and bears many traces of the historical biographer. There is even an attempt to persuade us that the story is factually true—the author is introduced to a tall, inscrutable stranger in a café, and induces this well-bred ancient mariner to recount (in the first person) the sorrow that had greyed his temples and endowed him with the reckless courage to which his row of medals testifies. The story, actually, does bear a certain affinity to the tale that so depressed the wedding guest. A young Austrian cavalry officer stationed in a small garrison town just before the war meets the crippled daughter of a local magnate, and the girl, proud, and abnormally sensitive of her deformity, mistakes the officer's pity for love and gives him in return all the passion of her youth and loneliness. As soon as he realises her real feelings, the man is alarmed, shies desperately away and finally drives the girl to suicide. With such an albatross about his neck the war means nothing to him, and he soon adds a great many decorations to keep it company. But he never ceases to repent the deficiency in his capacity for pity that ended the girl's life and so ruined his own. Looked at coolly, the story seems thoroughly bogus. A handsome cavalry officer, a beautiful aristocratic cripple and her adoring father, an unreciprocated passion, a suicidal leap from a balcony, and the handsome soldier, in manly desperation, going off to shoot Russians (the most dangerous species of big game) and performing feats of incredible valour is the very oldest kind of stuff, while the quiet, sympathetic writer who hears the story years later and writes it all down in a book is the most familiar piece of old-fashioned literary trickery. The formula, in fact, is that of the Victorian novel or the woman's magazine, and only Herr Zweig's admirable style and polished philosophisings lay claim to anything better. It is the philosophy indeed that has called forth most of the praise that *Beware of Pity* has won in so many quarters, and it seems only fair to quote the piece of moralising the author chooses for his text:

> There are two kinds of pity, one, the weak and sentimental kind, which is really no more than the heart's impatience to be rid as quickly as possible of the painful emotion aroused by the sight of another's unhappiness, that pity which is not compassion, but only an instinctive desire to fortify one's own soul against the sufferings of another; and the other, the only kind that counts, the unsentimental but creative kind, which knows what it is about and is determined to hold out, in patience and forbearance, to the very limit of its strength and even beyond.

Is that profound? What are we to think of a thing that "holds out to the limit of its strength *and even beyond*"? *Beware of Pity* is very nicely written, and did it deal with historical characters would be held a pleasant biographical study. If Herr Zweig was a chronicler one would praise his skill in making the unlikely credible; as he sets out to be a creator one must rather deplore his lack of imagination. Perhaps his historical studies are the real cause of the trouble; the biographer is so dependent on events that he tends to see his characters only in their picturesque superficials.

Mr. Golding is also concerned with pity, but he is more frankly journalistic than Herr Zweig, and because he attempts less, tells a far more effective story. Mr. Emmanuel, the dear old Jewish clerk of Magnolia Street, becomes self-appointed protector of a young non-Aryan refugee. The boy is driven to attempted suicide because he no longer hears from his mother in Germany, and Mr. Emmanuel, in spite of his dangerously rabbinical appearance, quixotically goes to Berlin in an attempt to get in touch with her. He is arrested, accused of plots against the Government, tortured in the prison of the Gestapo, and finally saved by the bad girl of Magnolia Street who has become the mistress of a Nazi boss. All this makes a very bright narrative, and the spectacle of a dear harmless old Jew starved and beaten by the red-faced, crop-headed monsters of new Germany gives Mr. Golding ample opportunity to tug at all our heart-strings simultaneously. He does in fact make the utmost of his chances and even the most blasé political theorist will greet Mr. Emmanuel's final escape with the cheers he used to reserve for the arrival of the American Marines. All the same Mr. Golding rather overdoes it. That Gestapo man, now, with his chimpanzee face, sitting at his desk alternately screaming and hissing while his ham-fisted creatures lounge round the brightly lighted room swinging their lead-piping, is he quite as terrible as he was when he first appeared? Isn't he rather closely related to those sadistic Jesuits who ravished the eighteenth-century pamphlet reader, or to the silky-voiced Khans who thrill the contemporary film fan? The cellars of the Secret Police are rapidly becoming as familiar a Chamber of Horrors as the cells of the Inquisition: it seems time a novelist studied the torturers as perverts, instead of condemning them as wild beasts. And if the Nazis are too mechanically monstrous to retain our interest, Mr. Emmanuel is almost too virtuous and pathetic to hold our sympathy. The strength of *Magnolia Street* was its humorous detachment; we were invited to criticise even as we wept or admired. In *Mr. Emmanuel* good and evil are very nearly absolute, and Mr. Golding ignores the deplorable truth that it is possible to be both an anti-Semite and a human being.

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To read twenty-three short stories at a sitting and still be awake at the end of it is something of an accomplishment, and Mr. Coppard is one of the few living writers I know who makes such an achievement possible. The tales in *You Never Know, Do You?* are as variegated and amusing as those that originally made their author's reputation. There are Incidents—two tramps who meet a girl carrying her child's coffin, the surly gamekeeper who suddenly forgets his bad manners for his private grief; Fantasies—a horse who makes love to a camel, a man who learns how to brew fairy ale; and stories more than faintly reminiscent of "Saki," O. Henry and even de Maupassant. Through all of them runs that vein of fantastic humour which is Mr. Coppard's distinguishing quality, and he is at his best in the simple folk-tales that give his peculiar talent its fullest scope. His skill is too subtle to encourage quotation, but occasionally he drops an image or an aphorism that concentrates his oddly Celtic charm: "He had dreadful eyes; they seemed on the point of slipping from their sockets, their lids were inflamed and turned back like red lips expelling an onion." "A deaf man blowing on a flute puffs many a gale of wind, but the world is wide and there is plenty of air to the acre." Mr. Coppard should have been an Irish poet.

Grasdanka is by the author of *Moonshine Over the Kremlin*, and easily maintains what must have been the standards of its predecessor, exposing the horrors of Soviet high-life more thoroughly than I have seen done for some years. Grasdanka began as an inmate of a Welfare Institution, where she lived on lard, potato-peelings, dried cod and portraits of Stalin, and it must have been something of a relief to have been adopted by a drunken Commissar who came on a committee of inspection. It is in his portrait of the Commissar that Mr. Potemkin shows his real talents. Many a writer might have depicted the monster drinking red wine from Grasdanka's slipper or calling her his pretty pigeon and covering her with loathsome kisses, but only a realist of the most imaginative order could have written: "The Commissar had dipped the ends of his long moustache into castor oil and turned them into sharp points." What happens in the end? Oh, a sailor who happens to be passing strangles Grasdanka in a Leningrad street, and an Ogpu man who happens to be by shoots the sailor and whistles for the police to drag the bodies away, and negotiations for the Anglo-Soviet pact drag on. . . . JOHN MAIR

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JOYCE'S AIRY PLUMEFLIGHTS

Finnegan's Wake. By JAMES JOYCE. *Faber.* 25s.

In an unfamiliar world one makes for the familiar. Turn to page 196 of Mr. Joyce's mighty work: the lovely *Anna Livia.*

> First she let her hair fal and down it flussed to her feet its teviots winding coils. Then, mothernaked, she sampood herself with galawater and fraguant pistania mud, wupper and lauar, from crown to sole. Next she greased the groove of her keel, warthes and wears and mole and itcher, with anti-fouling butterscatch and turfentide and serpenthyme and with leafmould she ushered round prunella isles and eslats dun, quincecunct, allover her little mary. Peeled gold of waxwork her jellybelly and grains of incense anguille bronze. And after that she wove a garland for her hair. She pleated it. She plaited it. Of meadowgrass and riverflags, the bulrush and waterweed, and of fallen griefs of weeping willow.

This from the book uniformly described by reviewers as "unreadable." What is the Fleet Street standard of readability—Sterne or Ashley Sterne, Wyndham Lewis or Wyndham Lewis (D. B.)? The second, I fancy. But it is silly to label Joyce a classic before his time, to take up a highbrow attitude towards his work. There's a touch of Captain Foulenough in *Finnegan's Wake* which would delight readers of Beachcomber's column; and Joyce, of course, does it a hundred times better than Mr. Morton.

> Shem is as short for Shemus as Jem is joky for Jacob. A few toughnecks are still getatable who pretend that aboriginally he was of respectable stemming (he was an outlex between the lines of Ragonar Blaubarb and Horrild Hairwire and an inlaw of Capt. the Hon. and Rev. Mr. Bhyrdword de Trop Blog was among his most distant connections) but every honest to goodness man in the land of the space of to-day knows that his back life will not stand being written about in black and white. Putting truth and untruth together a shot may be made at what this hybrid actually was like to look at.
>
> Shem's bodily getup, it seems, included an adze of a skull, an eight of a larkseye, the whoel of a nose, one numb arm up a sleeve, forty-two hairs off his uncrown, eighteen to his mock lip, a trio of barbels from his megageg chin (sowman's son), the wrong shoulder higher than the right, all ears, an artificial tongue with a natural curve, not a foot to stand on, a handful of thumbs, a deaf heart, a loose liver, two-fifths of two buttocks, one gleetsteen avoirdupoider for him, a manroot of all evil, a salmonkelt's thin-skin, eelsblood in his cold toes, a bladder tristended. . . .

Did you laugh one day over Beachcomber's crack about the "roast beef of Old Argentine"? One will find it somewhere in Joyce. And Binstead's Cockney flux?

> Has any fellow, of the dime a dozen type, it might with some profit some dull evening quietly be hinted—has any ornery josser, flatchested fortyish, faintly flatulent and given to ratiocination by sycopation to the elucidation of complications of his greatest Fung Yang dynasdescendance, only the son of another, in fact, ever looked sufficiently longly at a quite everydaylooking stamped addressed envelope?

And Bud Flannagan's crazy music-hall?

> I was down at docks yesterday, watching the matadors in the sunlight . . .

And Mr. Billy Bennett?

> My Chinese relations, Hu Flung Dung and Bum Hi Ho . . .

It is, in fact, popular tradition and by no means peculiar to Mr. Joyce.

But, besides being a humorist, he has a lyrical gift which rises high over the Binsteads, Beachcombers and music-hall comics. Occasionally in Binstead you will find a pretty verbal invention; I remember the Brighton gal brought up to the sounds of "the cuckold and the martingales"—an anticipation of Mr. Joyce's method. In *Finnegan's Wake* we find this extravagant lovely invention everywhere:

> Then Nuvoletta reflected for the last time in her little long life and she made up all her myriads of drifting minds in one. She cancelled all her enganzements. She climbed over the bannistars; she gave a childy, cloudy cry; *Nuée! Nuée!* A lightdress fluttered. She was gone. And into the river that had been a stream (for a thousand of tears had gone eon her and come on her and she was stout and struck on dancing and her muddied name was Missisliffi) there fell a tear, a singult tear, the loveliest of all tears (I mean for those crylove fable fans who are "keen" on the pretty-commonface sort of thing you meet by hopeharrods) for it was a leaptear. But the river tripped on her by and by, lapping, as though her heart were brook: *Why, why, why! Weh, O weh! I'se so silly to be flowing but I no canna stay!*

The language with which Mr. Joyce now habitually deals is miraculously compressed:

> One happygogusty ides-of-April morning. . . .
>
> Not olderwise Inn the days of the Bygning would our Traveller remote, unfriended, from Van Demon's Land, some lazy skald or maundering pote, lift wearywilly his slocut sobsic eyes. . . .

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★ Stephen Spender's new poems — THE STILL CENTRE

Mr. Spender's activity has been so prolific and varied in the last few years that we do not always remember how sparing he has been with his poetry. This is only the second volume of "Poems" that he has produced, and should prove one of the most interesting literary events of the year. 6*s.*

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Midwinter . . . was in the offing and Premver a promise of a pril when, as kischabergics sang life's old sahatsong, an iceclad shiverer, merest of bantlings observed a cold fowl behaviourising strangely on that fatal midden or chip factory or comical-bottomed copsjute (dump for short) afterwards, changed into the orangery where. . . .

A silly old Sol, healthytobedder and latewiser. . . .

A most moraculous jeeremyhead sindbook for all the peoples, under the presidency of the suchness of sceaunonsceau. . . .

Owlglassy bicycles boggled her eyes. . . .

There is more sound and sense than (for some reason) reviewers would have us believe, in Mr. Joyce's night-language. After all, they might have reflected, our greatest living prose writer doesn't spend seventeen years of his life in elaborating a language which no one will be able to understand. One can learn Chinese and, with less difficulty, one can learn the word-signs of Mr. Joyce's new tongue. It does, in fact, if one reads him patiently and little by little, carry its own lucidity, and where the meaning fades music tides us over. The mistake is to read him as though he were writing the same language as Mr. Agate, Sir Hugh Walpole and Mr. Charles Morgan; he is not; that is the whole point of his book. If you are satisfied with the verbal thrills of the above revered writers then there's no need—indeed it would be foolishly risky—to have anything to do with Mr. Joyce. He writes for those who are tired of our ready-made literary cadences. And once again, as in the fragment *Anna Livia*, he has provided a wonderful ending :

How she was handsome, the wild Amazia, when she would seize to my other breast! And what is she weird, haughty Niluna, that she will snatch from my ownest hair! For 'tis they are the stormies. Ho hang! Hang ho! And the clash of our cries till we spring to be free. Auravoles, they says, never heed of your name! But I'm loathing them that's here and all I lothe. Loonely in me loneness. For all their faults. I am passing out. O bitter ending! I'll slip away before they're up. They'll never see. Nor know. Nor miss me. And it's old and old it's sad and old it's sad and weary I go back to you, my cold father, my cold mad father, my cold mad feary father, till the near sight of the mere size of him, the moyles and moyles of it, moananoaning, makes me seasilt saltsick and I rush, my only, into your arms. I see them rising! Save me from those thrrble prongs. Two more. Onetwo moremens more. So. Avelaval. My leaves have drifted from me. All. But one clings still. I'll bear it on me. To remind me. Lff! So soft this morning ours. Yes. Carry me along, taddy, like you done through the toy fair. If I seen him bearing down on me now under whitespread wings like he'd come from Arkangels, I sink I'd die over his feet, humbly dumbly, only to washup. Yes, tid. That's where. First. We pass through grass behush the bush to. Whish! A gull. Gulls. Far calls. Coming far. End here. End here. Finn, again. Take. Bussoftlhee, mememornee! Till thousendthee. Lps. Keys to. Given. A way a lone a last a loved a long the. . . .

For an unreadable book *Finnegan's Wake* turns out to be remarkably quotable. All it lacks is the warmth, the body, the human nature that make books like *Tristram Shandy* immortal. It is the superb verbiage of a man exiled, disillusioned and without a theme; and what a great pity that is. That is why I have quoted so much, from the "illegible airy plumeflights" of this master of lyrical modern prose.

G. W. STONIER

PROFESSIONAL AND AMATEUR

On Russian Music. By GERALD ABRAHAM. *Reeves.* 8s. 6d.

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Elgar. By W. H. REED. *Dent.* 4s. 6d.

Doctor Arne. By HUBERT LANGLEY. *Cambridge University Press.* 7s. 6d.

The Waltz Kings of Old Vienna. By ADA B. TEETGEN. *Jenkins.* 12s. 6d.

If Toscanini were to write a book on Beethoven we should all read it. But we should hardly expect to find in it the insight into Beethoven's creative processes which distinguishes the pages of Tovey or of Romain Rolland. Critical analysis, just as much as conducting, is a matter for professionals. One always looks forward with interest to the reflections of a great artist on the music which he has been performing all his life—and almost always one is disappointed. On points of interpretation and technique the performer may be interesting and even indispensable (Weingartner on Beethoven's Symphonies, Cortot on the French classics, Plunket Greene on Lieder). But when he ventures into the field of aesthetics, and attempts to account for his instinctive loves and hates, disasters ensue : personal preferences are cheerfully elevated into immutable laws, speculations hazarded which will not bear a moment's scrutiny, and complicated aesthetic problems dismissed with a passing reference to the Soul, or Eternity, or the Absolute. Thus Mr. Harrison, the well-known conductor, in his full-length study of Brahms's symphonies, can write of the finale of the Fourth : "It was fitting to end it thus [in the minor], for the master had stretched out his arms towards the Absolute and the Infinite." He does not, it is true, often indulge in this near-metaphysical stuff, but his aesthetic generalisations are apt to prove nebulous when examined.

His estimate of Brahms is extravagantly partial : the symphonies he regards as scarcely inferior to those of Beethoven himself :

> While we know instinctively that certain of the Beethoven Symphonies strike deeper down into the rock of inspiration, yet for the sheer technique of the writing and for the amazing play and interplay of themes and counter-themes, we must yield the palm to Brahms . . . .

But, like most of us, he gets into difficulties when he begins to invent reasons for his hero-worship :

> Brahms takes all his simple material and develops it to a degree not found in any other symphonies, with the possible exception of the last movement of Mozart's *Jupiter*. Herein lies the excellence of these four works. That they are also beautiful is the judgment of the world after nearly half a century's appreciation of their sheer musical worth and their technical skill.

Apart from the curiously phrased and highly controversial "to a degree not found in any other symphonies," one suspects here a confusion of thought. The "excellence" of Brahms's symphonies is said to "lie in" the exceptionally full development of their material; and they are beautiful "also." Surely the beauty of good symphonic writing is not additional to, but inherent in, its structural perfection. Mr. Harrison is inclined to an artificial isolation of the component parts of the musical tissue. He writes of "the restrained yet eloquent harmonies of Brahms" as though harmony were simply a garment in which the composer clothes his naked melodic thoughts, displaying his good taste in the avoidance of anything *outré*; "an untempered, indiscreet use of coloured harmonies is one of the first signs of weakness in a composer . . . . he can be quite sincere about it, too, probably knowing no better." Who are these flash boys of music? Looking down the page, we discover that they are Puccini (granted)—and *Debussy!* That

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HAMISH HAMILTON

Mr. Harrison can lump these two together is a measure of his aesthetic limitations. His chapters on Brahms's orchestration are, as one might expect, sound and useful : I like his expressive phrase for the use of the wood-wind in the symphonies, " like a stream of pure mountain water trickling through the music." And he makes an interesting suggestion that the strength of a composer's melodies is largely determined by his avoidance of a too frequent use of the major third of the primary triads on the strong beats of the bar. He does not, however, question Brahms's taste in constantly doubling thirds and sixths up and down his scores until the tuttis, for all their nobility of content, take on a uniform consistency of thick soup.

It was a pity, I think, that Mr. Blom should have entrusted the Elgar in his excellent " Master Musicians " series to Mr. Reed. The admirable first violin of the L.S.O., who was Elgar's friend for thirty years, has already published an interesting volume of reminiscences called *Elgar as I Knew Him*, and the present volume tells us little that we did not know before. The discussion of the music, much shorter than is customary in this series, consists of a few notes on the symphonies and the *Variations*. The oratorios are polished off in a page, and there is scarcely a line about the exquisite *Cello Concerto*, which is beginning to take its rightful place (with the *Variations*, the *Introduction and Allegro*, and the First Part of *Gerontius*) in the forefront of his output. These works show Elgar's powers of invention at their freshest ; and, for one reason and another, they are free from the coarseness of texture which spoils a great deal of the symphonies and the later oratorios, and even parts of the *Violin Concerto* and *Falstaff*. Mr. Reed rightly draws attention to that nostalgic " English " countrified feeling which is the purest and most individual element in Elgar's genius ; in this vein (*Falstaff* Interludes, Trio of the First Symphony's Scherzo, " The Wagon Passes," most of the *Cello Concerto*) he is inimitable ; it is when he masses his forces towards a spectacular climax that his ear begins to permit such vulgarities as those hot lumps of sliding chromatic harmony on the brass. A serious critical study of Elgar is still badly needed ; I wish Mr. Newman could be induced to revise that excellent little volume of his which appeared before either of the symphonies or the concertos had been written.

Mr. Reed and Mr. Harrison are professional musicians and decidedly amateur critics ; Mr. Abraham, whose volume *On Russian Music* I have placed at the head of my list, is a professional critic, and one of the best in England. His reading and knowledge of scores are immense, his sympathies wide, and his judgment reliable ; he always writes agreeably, and he has no hobby-horses. Russian music is his speciality, but he is fully alive to its limitations. What could be more just than his estimate of Rimsky-Korsakov ? " No music in the world has ever been more empty of *rhythm* in the broadest sense of that vague word. It is a mosaic, a delightful arrangement of little musical tiles (often exquisite in themselves) . . . To hear it is a sensation—a delightful, a unique sensation—but never an experience." His new book is supplementary to the *Studies in Russian Music* which appeared five years ago ; the two volumes, taken together, form a most valuable repository of first-rate criticism and contain much information unavailable to the student who cannot read Russian. One's only regret is that the author, instead of dividing his material into isolated essays, did not co-ordinate it into an extended study of Russian music as a whole. If he had done so, his book must have ranked as the standard English work on the subject.

Mr. Langley's is the first serious study of Dr. Arne's music to appear. Not much is known of the Doctor's life, and the author cannot resist padding out the meagre information with a few fancies of his own. Arne was at Eton ; and so " perhaps even now it might be allowed to some young Etonian wandering across the school yard at fairy time to hear the strains of the flute floating around, while the holy Henry," etc., etc. The best part of the book is devoted to analyses of the major works, not one of which is now in print in its entirety : Mr. Langley makes large claims for several of them, printing selections in full score which certainly make us wish to hear at least *Judith* and the three masques of the composer's youth. " Rule Britannia ! " must have sounded magnificent in the stately complete form with long *ritornelli* in which it was first given in the gardens of Cliveden ; why not revive it there this summer, substituting, if the original words appear too truculent, the more fashionable " Britannia waives the rules ! "

Miss Teetgen has composed a chatty book around the lives of the Strauss waltz dynasty. Though given to the use of such picturesque words as " gladsome " and " then-a-days," she is not unsuccessful in suggesting the individual characteristics of the two Johanns, and the political and social background of their careers. It is interesting to note that she rejects the sensational story of Josef's death given in Grove. Her book, though based on the studies of Lange and Decsey, is frankly popular in content and makes no attempt at a critical examination of the music. One would like to be told more about all those operettas which have dropped completely out of the repertory ; coming from the pen that wrote *Die Fledermaus* and *Geschichten aus der Wiener Wald*, can they be as worthless as their neglect implies ?

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

PILSUDSKI

Marshal Pilsudski. By W. F. REDDAWAY. *Routledge.* 15s.

Of all the states created by the Treaty of Versailles, Poland is probably the most justifiable and the most difficult to defend with enthusiasm. Second to none both in its maltreatment of minorities and in the iniquities of its social system, it has remained an example of national egotism in its extremest form, while its geographical position as a gigantic buffer between two major Powers has given it a bargaining power out of all proportion to its importance. But a great deal of our anti-Polish bias is due to ignorance both of its history and of its economic and international problems ; and Mr. Reddaway's book, though it is no more than a competent, academic biography, should help English readers towards a better understanding of Polish policy. For better or for worse Pilsudski's life, from the day when he was condemned at the age of 20 to five years in Siberia until his death in 1935, was the history of Polish nationalism ; and it is a curious coincidence that he and his elder brother were exiled for participation in the same conspiracy for which Lenin's elder brother was executed. But although Lenin and Pilsudski started as members of the same party, their ways soon parted, since Pilsudski saw that Polish emancipation would be achieved, not by social revolution, but by military insurrection against the Russian Empire. Throughout his career he seems to have regarded the Bolsheviks as the hidden agents of Russian imperialism, and was ready, both before and during the war, to serve the Austrian Emperor if by so doing he could obtain arms and equipment for his Polish Legionaries. He actually led the Austrian advance against Russia in 1914. But his dislike of Austria and Prussia was only second to his hatred of Russia, and as soon as Poland had been " freed " by Germany, he began bargaining with the Central Powers, offering to raise for them a million Polish soldiers provided they were under the command of an independent Polish Government. Very stupidly the Germans refused and Pilsudski was imprisoned for a year at Magdeburg. In November, 1918, he was suddenly released and, on returning to Poland, was greeted as a national hero, and immediately took control, to the annoyance of the American Poles and also of his countrymen who had fought on the Western front and were preparing to represent Poland at the Peace Conference.

Pilsudski and his fellow legionaries were not only on the spot ; they had become *the myth* of Polish independence. In a country partitioned and repartitioned, without natural frontiers or social tradition, the Legions were the only expression of national unity, and Pilsudski saw to it that upon them a huge Polish army was built, which in its turn became the dominant factor in Polish politics. A queer blend of sentiment and ferocity, of intellectual finesse and brutality, he could only conceive of a nation as a people's army, and taught his henchmen, Beck, Rydz-Smigly, etc., to despise politicians and " arrange " elections. His attitude to the Seym was summed up in the quotation, " Even the flies cannot bear your prattle, gentlemen, and when they try to spread their wings, they fail, half dead from boredom." While Masaryk and Benes impressed on Czechoslovakia the stamp of Western culture, Pilsudski, despising the League, harnessed Poland to the chariot of military nationalism, and combined an adroit manipulation of power politics with a cynical distrust of all help other than self-help. Geneva politics led Czechoslovakia to destruction, and it may well be that the brutal cynicism of Pilsudski was more suited to our age than the idealism of Masaryk and the finesse of Benes.

Mr. Reddaway succeeds in giving us a good picture of Pilsudski's character and philosophy, but he has kept too closely to his hero to make the story wholly intelligible. His book would have been not only better history but better biography if he had analysed the social conflicts behind the intrigues of the Seym. By confining himself to political and military affairs, he has made some of his chapters unnecessarily obscure and unnecessarily dull.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

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IDEAS OF GOOD AND EVIL

Guide to Modern Wickedness. By C. E. M. JOAD. *Faber and Faber.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The world is very evil; and as we have not the consolation of St. Bernard that the supreme arbiter is at the gate, it is as well that we should listen heedfully to the advice of such competent judges as poor humanity can provide. Among these not the least sagacious is Mr. Joad; and in this book his ideas are presented in a most vigorous fashion. Except on his title-page, indeed, it is impossible to misunderstand him. Those people who, dissatisfied with their progress in villainy, should purchase this volume with the hope they may find in it directions for their further advance, will be disappointed: and Mr. Joad tells them so in his preface. Otherwise the style is remarkably clear and precise.

Mr. Joad begins by asserting his conviction that goodness and beauty are absolutes, existing in their own right. He will have nothing to do with the theory that the best picture or the best music is that which most people like: nor will he admit that a man or a nation can rewrite the Decalogue to suit personal or political exigencies. He holds, therefore, as a natural corollary, that ugliness and evil are also absolutes; and this, I take it, is the foundation on which the book is based. Though rejecting orthodox Christianity, and speaking of it with a scorn which might lead one to suspect it had done him a personal injury, he is a firm believer in ethics. He is not attracted by Buddhism, nor, indeed, by any of the creeds which imply that the only thing to do with our stupid and sinful race is to leave it to stew in its own juice. He is, if anything, like John Stuart Mill, a Manichaean; there is an eternal warfare between Ahura-mazda and Ahriman, and he is on the side of Ahura-mazda. He puts aside, with some contempt, the theory that evil is a mere negation; there is, he holds with most of us, a good deal of the positive alike in toothache and in wickedness. Stoicism does not suit him, for he combines sound common sense with his philosophy; and he gives it the *coup de Jarnac* in one of the illustrations which crowd and enliven his pages. An undergraduate, set to discuss the Stoic dictum that the good man is happy even on the rack, saved a hundred and seventy-five minutes out of the three hours by putting down the simple answer, "If he were a very good man and it were a very bad rack, this might be true; otherwise not."

Evil, then, is a reality, and no amount of juggling with words will make it anything else. Pleasure is often the absence of pain, and it is as reasonable to call good the negation of evil as to maintain the converse. This being posited, Mr. Joad proceeds to discuss some of the views held as to the causes of evil, in order that, if possible, it may be mitigated. Its total extermination, he thinks, is not likely: much of it is due to stupidity, which shows no sign that it will ever be eradicated; and even if we could make all men wise, we have still to deal with the animal kingdom, and there will still be irresponsible storms, earthquakes, and volcanoes which cannot easily be induced to behave philanthropically. The causes of evil, in fact, cannot lie in man alone; for Nature was red in tooth and claw for millions of years before he appeared on the earth; though it is possible that he has not done much to diminish it. He came, for example, to Scotland, and the nobler animals largely vanished, yielding place to the vermin which followed in his train. And even as applied to humanity alone, the various theories fail to pass examination. Bad economics have undoubtedly produced much misery; but it does not follow that if wealth were fairly distributed people would be happy and comfortable. Extreme nationalism is perhaps as prolific a mother of evils as any; but the state of western Europe when there was little or no national feeling was probably worse even than ours to-day.

Is there then any ground for hope? We have been forced to give up the Victorian belief in a steady and almost automatic progress. The ape and tiger, which our fathers fancied they were gradually destroying, have recently multiplied on the earth. Science, which was expected to increase the friendliness of peoples, has been employed largely for mutual destruction. And the Victorian belief, which itself was not held by all Victorians, was something novel. Other ages have held the exact opposite:

> Aetas parentum, peior avis, tulit
> Nos nequiores, mox daturos
> Progeniem vitiosiorem.

There have, it cannot be denied, been some great advances. Anaesthetics have enormously diminished pain; the hours of work, in this and some other countries, are very much shorter than they were sixty years ago; and, till very recently, one would have said that people were becoming more humane. But it is too clear that they do not know how to use these advantages. Their leisure is filled with trifling amusements, and there is no sign that the longer life which medicine and hygiene have given them is being applied to worthy ends.

As to the means of improvement, Mr. Joad has some hope from education. Begun early, and kept up steadily, it may eradicate the love of cruelty, may instil a taste for high things, to be cultivated in later years, and may teach the rudiments of the most important of all things, the knowledge of one another and consequent sympathy.

Many of Mr. Joad's opinions will not meet with general assent; some, indeed, are startling enough. But the great point is that they are always stimulating—they are such in themselves, and they are put in such a manner, as to compel his readers to do a certain modicum of thinking on their own account.

As if to console us for the sense of inferiority the book starts in us, Mr. Joad makes a few slips. He ascribes to Matthew Arnold the saying that "we needs must love the highest when we see it"—one would have enjoyed watching Arnold's face could he have read the passage: and, curiously enough, quoting Canon Barry, Mr. Joad assigns the line to the right author. On p. 31 I think "the young tyrant Dion" should be "Dionysius": and on p. 111 there seems to be something wrong with the statement that our present economic system "permits the luxury and wealth of the many to outrage the poverty and misery of the few." In fact, the same sentence occurs, later in the volume, with "the many" and "the few" interchanging their places. There are also, I think, a few passages here and there which hypercriticism might use to confute Mr. Joad out of his own mouth. But as to the general value of the work there can be no dispute.

E. E. KELLETT

NEW WRITING

New Writing, Series II, Spring 1939. Edited by JOHN LEHMANN, with STEPHEN SPENDER and CHRISTOPHER ISHERWOOD. *Hogarth Press.* 6*s.*

Really, Mr. Auden is quite incredible. *The Year's Poetry* finds him in one mood, *Journey to a War* in another, and in the eight poems that start off *New Writing* we find yet a third:

> The nights, the railway coaches, the bad sky,
> His horrible companions, did not know it;
> But in that child the rhetorician's lie
> Burst like a pipe; the cold had made a poet.

This poem called "Rimbaud" is not only an excellent character-sonnet, of the sort in which Mr. Auden excels, it is also admirable criticism of poetry and of Rimbaud. The sonnet on Housman is unexpected but quite as perceptive:

> Deliberately he chose the dry-as-dust,
> Kept tears like dirty postcards in a drawer.

The other poems are about cities and men.

There seems, in this number of *New Writing*, to be more variety than ever before. After Auden, an admirable story about Spain by J. P. Sartre: whose *Nausée*, by the way, is one of the most remarkable books that have appeared in France for a long time. This is followed by a whole section on Spain (valedictory alas!) to which, notably, Mr. T. C. Worsley and Captain Tom Wintringham contribute. Then a varied group of four stories: G. F. Green, Leslie Halward, André Chamson, Beatrix Lehmann. Then—and this is an innovation—articles, illustrated with photographs, on "Politics on the London Stage" by Goronwy Rees, "Okhlopkov's Realistic Theatre" by André van Geyseghem, and "Hollywood" by Berthold Viertel; also a one-act play by Bertolt Brecht. Poems by H. B. Mallalieu, Gascoyne, R. P. Hewitt, Geoffrey Parsons, Clifford Dyment, Allott, and Robert Waller: the first especially good. More stories, Mass Observation (What does Spring mean to Bolton?), and a final group of stories by Jean Giono and MacDiarmid. So much reading at so little cost—250 pages for 6*s.*—is a remarkable achievement. Mr. Lehmann, assisted by Spender and Isherwood, has the instinct of a true editor and knows how far he can experiment and how far conserve without altering the character of his magazine. It is about the only *edited* magazine now in existence; and we should be profoundly grateful.

G. W. S.

Goss-Observation

A leaflet, recently issued by Mass-Observation, deals with " Clothes for Men."

Mass-Observers say that 82 per cent. of men are completely conservative about their clothes, whilst the attitude of the " Rebels " appears to be summed up by the one who confessed to a leaning towards as much colour " as is still compatible with looking like a gentleman," or by another who declared that he always hoped to buy something more daring than he did buy.

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Another interesting question was value. According to the Mass-Observers those who pay about £4 buy one suit a year, own between two and three, which are, on the average, fifteen months old. Those who pay over £6 buy four suits in five years, possess at least three, the average age of which is nearly three years. (This makes a nice little " Caliban " problem as to who gains most, debiting in the case of the better-dressed man say 10 per cent. on his entertainments, 5 per cent. on his hotel bills and a round 2½ per cent. on all his other personal expenditure, but crediting him with 25 per cent. more income through added confidence !)

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A CRITICAL DEBATE

The Personal Heresy. By E. M. W. TILLYARD and C. S. LEWIS. *Oxford Press.* 6s.

This lively and serious book takes the form of a debate. Dr. Tillyard, writing about *Paradise Lost*, complained that such matters as style "have concerned the critics far more than what the poem is really about, the true state of Milton's mind when he wrote it." In a paper published in the English Association *Essays and Studies* (1934), Mr. Lewis quoted this remark as an instance of a modern "heresy"—the belief that a poem expressed the personality of the poet, and that our pleasure in the poem derived from our perception of this personality. On the contrary, Mr. Lewis urged, poems are concerned with scraps of common experience: "No doubt they are not quite the same in one man as in another. But it is just in so far as they approach sameness that they are useful for poetry." Dr. Tillyard took up the challenge, defining the poet's personality as not "practical or everyday personality," but "some mental pattern which makes Keats Keats and not Mr. Smith or Mr. Jones." Mr. Lewis returned to the attack, and the present book consists of three papers from each of the contestants. At the end some misunderstandings have been removed, and some differences defined.

Both parties to the controversy write honestly, forcibly and clearly but Dr. Tillyard—if I may for a moment constitute myself referee—is the better equipped as a duellist. Take one instance: "The great poet," he writes, "is one who has inhabited heavens and hells unbearable by the ordinary man, who has survived his residence, and who, in telling us of his experience, can by his example help the ordinary man to make a better job of dealing with the smaller heavens and hells through which he must pass." One may doubt whether this is true of all great poets. But listen to Mr. Lewis's response.

> Literary composition is not an employment that makes very heavy demands on this arduous virtue. What meditation on human fate demands so much "courage" as the act of stepping into a cold bath? I should be glad to hear of it, for I know no path to heroism which sounds so suited to my own capacities.

This is a surprising remark from so distinguished a critic. I am sure that Mr. Lewis would rather step into a cold bath than watch a man being flogged to death at Dachau. But some poets, I suggest, have been able to see such agonies as vividly in their imagination as Mr. Lewis or myself would see them in fact. The authors of *King Lear* and *Les Fleurs du Mal* and *Gulliver's Travels* do not differ from the rest of us merely in being more articulate. Behind the works there were imaginative experiences at least as appalling as anything the ordinary man could suffer from things seen with his eyes; and for Mr. Lewis not to recognise this betrays in him a failure of both sensitiveness and humility.

Mr. Lewis, in his last paper, defines poetry, unhelpfully, I think, as "an exploitation of language to convey the concrete." Professor Tillyard believes that it is a method of enabling us to share the experiences of a distinguished individual mind. (He allows that this includes "large general states of mind.") It seems likely that poetry is more various in its workings than either contestant suggests. Thus both of them derive argument from Herrick's poem *Upon Julia's Clothes*. To Mr. Lewis the end (apparently the only end) attained by reading it is "a heightened perception of the charm of a beautiful woman beautifully dressed." To Professor Tillyard the end attained, I gather, is an apprehension of the qualities in the author's mind of "unaffected sensuality, keen observation, sophistication, and sense of decorum." (The poet, in Tolstoy's admirable metaphor, has infected us with his own emotions.) But neither contestant seems to allow enough for the pleasure given by the poem as an object comparable to the collocation of forms that we call a picture or the collocation of sounds that we call a sonata. I believe that when I read this poem I am less interested in the pleasure afforded by the spectacle of a woman or in the particularities of Herrick's emotional experience than in a congeries of words together with the images and associations they summon. Diction, the manner of saying, rather than the thing said, is the essential of poetry, as can be seen by comparing any good poem with its translation. (The virtue of a translation depends almost entirely upon the poetical powers of the translator, not of the original poet.) I am strengthened in this opinion by one of my own errors. I had always assumed that the last three lines of the Herrick poem referred to Julia naked, that the "brave vibration each way free" was the vibration of Julia's muscles, when she walked with silks cast off. Dr. Tillyard talks of the silks vibrating, "perhaps moving in little horizontal eddies," and he knows a thousand times more about seventeenth century poetry than I do. But now that I know the true meaning of the lines, their beauty does not seem to me at all more remarkable. Let me take an analogy from another art. In El Greco's painting *The Breaking of the Seventh Seal* there is a mass of drapery in the background which might be mistaken for distant mountains. I believe that a spectator, who made this mistake, would lose little or nothing of the beauty of the picture—it is the forms that we find moving rather than the facts they represent. Similarly it is not specially from poetry concerned with courage that we derive courage; and in moods of despair we can find comfort no less in the expression of vacillation in *Hamlet* than in the expression of fortitude in *Samson Agonistes*, no less in the *Marriage of Figaro* than in the *Eroica*. The significance to us of a work of art, in fact, depends incomparably more upon its beauty than upon its particular content.

There are great poems, the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, for example, in which we are little conscious of the author's personality. (The same is true of archaic Greek, Buddhist and Romanesque sculpture.) But Mr. Lewis, I think, grossly underestimates the pleasure given us in many poems by our perception of individual style. He certainly could not read for five minutes Milton or Pope or Wordsworth without recognising turns of phrase peculiar to these authors, and it seems to me a psychological error to deny the pleasure given by such recognition. When one reads Macaulay or Balzac, for instance, even their faults can be enjoyed: "How like Balzac!" one says, or "How like Macaulay!" And the same is true of Flaubert, whose careful "objectiveness" in no way makes his style less individual. I fancy indeed that this is true of most great artists. If only *Hamlet* or only the *School of Athens* or only the *Jupiter* Symphony were preserved, we should enjoy these works less than we now do, because we should be far less conscious of their Shakespeareanity, their Raphaelness and their Mozartry. Our appreciation, I conclude, of poetry, as of the other arts, may certainly be enriched by our recognising characteristics of the author's personality, but does not depend upon this.

Though in this space I have been unable to do justice to the arguments contained in this stimulating book, I hope I may have persuaded some readers to procure it, and consider for themselves the issues involved.

RAYMOND MORTIMER

THE LAND—ASSET OR LIABILITY?

The Rape of the Earth, a World Survey of Soil Erosion. By G. V. JACKS and R. O. WHYTE. *Faber and Faber.* 21s.

The authors of this book were already known as responsible for a publication of the Imperial Bureau of Agriculture, summarising the information available about soil erosion in the Empire; in the present work they take a wider sweep in order to discuss the consequences of soil erosion and its effects upon the social order of many countries, eventually perhaps upon the whole structure of our civilisation. To English readers this may seem a large assumption, so much have we lost touch with agriculture and come to expect to receive our food supplies with the same inevitability as the daylight. But Messrs. Jacks and Whyte, as others who have been awakened to the menace of soil erosion, begin to look upon the agriculture of to-day, armed as it is with tractors, combines and other power implements, as a destructive process, charged with the seeds of its own decay, until it becomes "a god self-slain on its own strange altar." Much of modern farming has grown into an exploitation for profit instead of a means of living; it mines into the resources of the soil and opens it to the forces of wind and rain, until the soil itself is blown away beyond recuperation.

The industrialists are apt to say this is a matter of no consequence because the day is not far off when the synthetic production of the elements of nutrition, already accomplished in the laboratory, will be reduced to a commercial process. Factory methods, they predict, will replace the present clumsy and uncertain procedure of farming, as has already happened with dyestuffs like indigo and drugs like camphor.

These are plausible promises, but they ignore one fundamental consideration—that industrialism itself is just as wastefully living upon capital as a bonanza wheat-farm in Montana. Synthetic food postulates cheap power, and that depends upon coal and oil, the world's wasting assets. About the same time as the factory processes for the production of food become perfected the cheap

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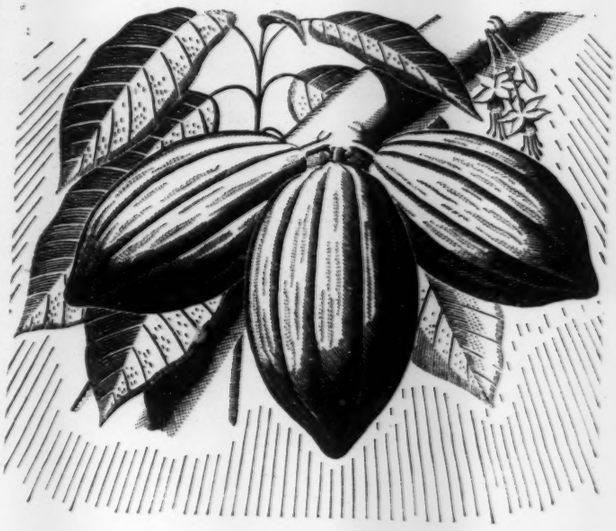

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power on which they depend will be petering out and we shall find it more effective to harness afresh the creative energy of the sun. Indeed, if the same measure of science and organisation could be applied to the land as to the factory, one need fear no substitution of the natural article by the synthetic.

But these matters are still in the realm of speculation; meantime it is imperative that the destruction of the land should be stopped. In their earlier chapters the authors describe the occurrence of erosion in one country after another. The felling of the forests on the watersheds is followed by the washing of soil from the hill pastures, by recurring floods in the valleys, and by the silting up of reservoirs and harbours. In other areas over-grazing starts a system of gullies which equally render the land unproductive, and again on the great plains the repetition of corn crops for sale opens the soil to blowing and starts such spectacular duststorms as those which swept across the United States in 1934.

Whatever the promises of the industrialists to supply us with synthetic food it will be provident to preserve the land. Let it not be supposed that it is only civilised man with his power implements and his commercialism that is responsible for soil erosion. In this book the growth of the European population during the nineteenth century is made responsible for such demands for food that the lands of America were robbed of their fertility in the hasty endeavour to meet the call. But the European farmers' version is that the pioneers, by their lavish exploitation of the Middle West, so deluged the old world with wheat and meat that mankind was encouraged to breed as it had never bred before. At any rate the fact remains that an unprecedented increase of population and a reckless misuse of the land did go on simultaneously. Even in native communities the growth of population leads to soil erosion. In the African territories before the white man's arrival there existed a certain equilibrium between man and the land. The tribes practised shifting cultivation, whereby after a few years the area under cultivation was left to go back to the wild until it recuperated its stock of humus. The tribe thus needed a region ten or twenty times as extensive as the land actually under crop, but numbers were kept in check by raiding and disease. Then with the cessation of war and raiding under our overlordship the population has been growing, and still more the numbers of cattle and goats have been increasing until the draft upon the land has become destructive. As Mr. Jacks explains, the problem caused by the redundant and unproductive live-stock exists in every colony of Africa, and even the allocation of more land to the tribes, if land there were, would only defer the day when the cover of vegetation would not longer be sufficient to keep the soil stable.

One may perhaps feel that in their chapters dealing with remedial and preventive measures the authors do not lay sufficient stress on the fact that agriculture, as distinct from mining in the soil, is a conservation operation, and even in tropical countries can be made to maintain a certain level of productivity in the soil for an indefinite time. Western Europe learnt this centuries ago by practising a rotation which included leguminous fodder crops; China also, in places the most terribly eroded of all regions, yet in other parts keeps up an intensive production by means of composting. A generation ago Hopkins of Illinois taught the farmers of the Middle West how to preserve fertility by introducing pastures into their rotations.

Agriculture can thus take a long view and while it is producing food for sale can keep up the condition of the land, though all experience shows how easily farmers may be tempted to purchase a few years of plenty at the expense of the land. In Europe tradition, often translated into covenants between landlord and tenant, did enforce a self-supporting system of cropping, but even in Europe commercialism is weakening these restrictions, and in the newer countries neither tradition nor covenants have ever existed. Thus we are driven to the conclusion that in order to maintain the fertility of the land the State must intervene as the only guardian who will take a long-term view.

In the latter part of the book Mr. Jacks does discuss these political and social questions arising out of erosion, most fully as regards Africa, where so much responsibility lies with Great Britain and where the difficulties in the way of action are great. But it is not a colonial problem only; soil erosion may be infrequent in England, but the destruction of land goes on apace. So while this book of Messrs. Jacks and Whyte is of the first importance to the colonial administrator, it has its lessons for the politician and the man of affairs at home. Even if he is indisposed to cope with its three hundred-odd pages he will be enlightened by the splendid series of illustrations.

DANIEL HALL

The Stock Exchange Official Year Book, 1939. Edited by the SECRETARY of the Share and Loan Department of the Stock Exchange, *Skinner*. 60*s*.

With the regularity of the Boat Race and the Budget, and about the same time, comes this encyclopaedic reference book. Each year the number of pages—now nearly four thousand—increases, yet, despite its bulk, good paper, print and binding combine to make the volume both legible and robust. The record and particulars of between nine and ten thousand companies, grouped under appropriate headings, form the greater part of the text. Government, County, Municipal, Dominion and Colonial Securities are also listed. In all details of considerably more than twenty thousand securities are given. Half a dozen special chapters deal with Finance at home and overseas. It is an indispensable volume to anyone who has the responsibility for the investment of money.

Adventures Ashore and Afloat. By Admiral of the Fleet SIR ROGER KEYES. *Harrap*. 18*s*.

This book is in effect an autobiography of Sir Roger Keyes, whose versatility is worthy of his pedigree. This is a very remarkable document going right back to the Norman Conquest, the name being originally Guiz or Gyse. As might be expected, it contains many soldiers and sailors; but the author's namesake Roger Keyes was Canon of Exeter in 1436. He was summoned by the Archbishop-Chancellor Chichele to build All Souls College, Oxford, and afterwards to complete the building of Eton College for Henry VI. At the end of the sixteenth century the family migrated to Ireland and the reader will note a streak of Irish pugnacity both in Sir Roger Keyes and in the short account which he gives of his father, Sir Charles Keyes. Sir Roger's drawings in the book show considerable ability as a draughtsman, and although it is essentially a record of action there are passages of acute reflection such as the note on Heligoland. "Having spent the first months of the Great War in the southern part of the North Sea, frequently in the Heligoland Bight, I can well imagine what a fearful embarrassment Heligoland would have been to us if it had remained British. It is unlikely that we should ever have fortified it, and if we had we should never have expended enough upon it to make it capable of resisting a determined attack from Germany. There would have been a clamour for Naval co-operation in its defence, in which case our Fleet would have been operating on the threshold of Germany's powerful naval base, 250 miles from the nearest British coast, and at a distance of nearly 400 miles from the nearest dockyard capable of docking and repairing a capital ship. If we had immediately abandoned it, which I am sure would have been a right though difficult decision to take, it would have been a great blow to our national pride and prestige." Sir Roger goes on to suggest that Heligoland and its fortifications were never of great value to Germany. He mentions that during the whole of the war no British ship was fired at by Heligoland except for one round fired at Tyrwhitt's flotilla on August 28th, 1914. This will console many who have been brought up to believe that the cession of Heligoland in 1890 was a fatal disaster decreed by Parliament against the strongly expressed views of Queen Victoria. Sir Roger has never minded turning himself into a soldier if the occasion demanded, though not always with the approval of the Admiralty, but with results which justified his decision. One most interesting chapter contains an account of the International Court of Inquiry in regard to the sinking of British trawlers by the Russian Baltic Fleet on the 22nd October, 1904. Sir Roger prepared the British case for the International Court of Inquiry under The Hague Convention. His sketch of the Russian Squadron's attack on British trawlers in 1904 which illustrated the British case is a fine specimen of his talent. The book ends in 1906 when the writer was only thirty-four years old, but the events recorded would exceed those of an ordinary lifetime.

Week-end Competitions

No. 481

Set by Fred Oyster

We offer the usual prizes for the best animal fable in prose or verse (250 words or 24 lines). New anecdotes and new morals welcome. Extra points awarded for erudition in natural history.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, May 26th.

2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.

3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.

4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

Democracy and Socialism

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Formerly Professor of History in University of Berlin

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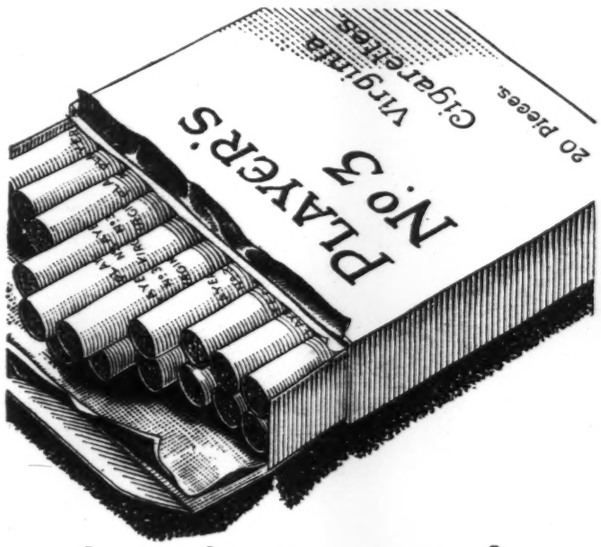

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8/6

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RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 479

Set by G. W. Stonier

Attempts have been made from time to time to write serious limericks; but the tinkling form has always brought them down. What is needed is to break up rhyme and metre:

My desire
Is for a verse of five fingers;
Clenched, it would hold a truth that lingers;
Unfurl it, and you admire the phalanged ease.
Poet, your hand is on fire.

Lightness is not necessarily facetious. Contributors are invited to submit serious limericks of their own—not necessarily modelled on the above. Five lines should, of course, be the limit.

Report by G. W. Stonier

As I had expected, entries were many and excellent. I had taken the precaution of trying out the verse myself. Three things were necessary. First, to substitute pensée or image for anecdote; second, to drive out jauntiness; third, to find some particular suitability of rhyme or metre in the verse. This was not difficult to do. I submit my own effort:

Coal! Coal! incomprehensibly they cry
The coal man and his mate
In a singsong duet
Up and down our street
As carthorse and cradle go grimily by.

The objection to this might be that it is too far from the limerick. Some competitors mistook me (wilfully, I'm afraid) and sent in straight limericks. The best were:

A divinity student of Downing
Lately set the examiner frowning,
He said, "Matthew, 3, 2,
Must be taken from Q
Whom I've also heard lecture on Browning."
(K. Jameson.)

Night and day we had *dreams* in the army:
Curried chicken; smoked salmon; salami.
Not the bulliest beef
Give the slightest relief
That is why the survivors went barmy.
(Curly Sin.)

My real objection to the limerick is not that it's always facetious but that it's empty; hence the superiority of the dirty kind. At the other end of the scale a few competitors sent in verses which might have been stanzas from longer poems. These, too, I ruled out; for the serious limerick should be palpably self-sufficient. Too long lines tended to produce this effect:

I heard a bird at dawn of day.
He sang from branches high that sway
When summer breezes blow: his joyous lay
Seemed to breathe peace: would I were far away
From where men strive and slay.

The reiterated rhyme does not conceal the inconclusiveness of this: which anyway is somewhat commonplace. But there were many good poems—so many that I find difficulty in dividing the prizes. Of some 150 five-finger exercises submitted to me, I have finally chosen these, among whom the prizes will be equally shared.

FIVE-FINGER EXERCISES

Strange how nightbirds busy with delicious
Music, and those lovers who lie
So lost in grass remain unbothered by
The searchlights' vicious
Questioning of the dumb suspicious sky.
OSMOND MIDGLEY

J'ACCUSE!

poet I put out your flaming hand
with a pinch of sand
and lo between the burnt and blackened fingers
the corpse of a limerick lingers
murder visible though unscanned.
ALLAN M. LAING

Little fishes
Must be returned. But who's to measure?
What angler will renounce his treasure?
This Act will fill the land with happy felons
And proscribed dishes. PIER-HEAD ANGLER

Behold a toy of Chinese jade
By long-forgotten craftsman made:
Not strife nor storm
Has changed its form
Through worlds and centuries of trade.
R. S. JAFFRAY

LAST MAN

You plough dead land
Where there are no men.
Wheat is weed when there's no need;
Bury pick and pen.
Then wither, last man's hand. N. LEWIS

ADMONITION

This lady, fearful of ghosts
Burned a candle at noon; and yet they found her.
She lived for death; taper, lily and bell—
She's in the earth, with ant and worm around her.
O choose your fears, if you would slumber well!
HARRIET HOPKINS

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 333.—THREESOME

As I came into the club-house yesterday I met Lachesis Littlego. She and her not less famous sisters—Atropos and Clotho—are, of course, the triplet daughters of Colonel Littlego, of the Regal and Archaic.

"Had a good round?" I asked her.

Lackey (as we call her) grinned. "It would have amused you, Caliban. Going out—we played the full eighteen holes—we had the wind against us. We were playing a threesome—me and Clottie and Troppie. And, do you know, our combined score in strokes was exactly the same for each of the outward holes."

"This isn't going to be a problem, is it?"

"That's for you to say, Caliban. This fact is interesting, you know: that the stroke-total at each of the holes I've mentioned was made up of a different assortment of scores."

"I hope," I said dubiously, "that I shall remember all this."

Lackey took no notice of this comment.

"Turning now to the inward half," she said, "we had the wind behind us and did better. But once again the stroke total for the three players was the same at each of the holes. And once again each stroke total was differently constituted from the others."

"And now," she went on, "for some more data. None of us did a hole in one, and none of us took double figures at any hole, either going out or returning. Remember that when I make my next point. At every hole bar one, on the inward half, our three scores were such that it was possible so to arrange them as to produce a three-figured prime number."

I mopped my forehead. "This is warm work, Lackey. Tell me, what's the problem?"

Lackey's grin broadened. "What shall I suggest? I know, Caliban. Clottie had one two on her card, but Troppie had no twos. Had I ——."

"Hold on a minute," I said. "What about primes on the outward half?"

"Primes?"

"Yes, you know. How many of your *outward* scores could have been so arranged as to produce a 3-figured prime number?"

"Oh, I've no idea," was the somewhat disappointing answer. "We only noticed about the primes going home. Wait a moment, though—there was one at the first hole; I do remember that."

How many twos (if any) on Lackey's card?

PROBLEM 331.—SORRY YOU'VE BEEN TROUBLED

Solution by David Dempster

BOODLEWORTH IS 67

By trial and error it is found that two sets of 4 digits will produce 5 sets of "doubletons" each.

The doubletons produced by 6, 3, 2, 1 contain two with factors 103 which is prime.

The doubletons produced by 8, 4, 2, 1 contain only one with a three digit prime factor, therefore 8, 4, 2, 1 are the digits of the telephone numbers.

These digits add up to 15 therefore 3 must be a factor of all the possible telephone numbers, and so 3 must be the number of children. 2 cannot be a factor therefore Boodleworth's number must end in 1.

By trial it is found that 8241 is the only number with three prime factors, 3, 41, and 67.

Therefore Boodleworth is 67 years old.

PROBLEM 330.—"HE SHOULD HAVE DIED HEREAFTER"

A set of Low's cartoons goes to: R. E. Elwes, Peppermires, Brancepeth, Durham. *Five* points are awarded.

PROBLEM 329.—CANTATA

A number of correspondents have drawn my attention to an error in transcription in the published solution of this problem. The headings "Parts" and "Played by" were inadvertently interchanged.

CALIBAN

[U.S.A. Competitors. The Editor regrets that the prizes offered in our Week-end Competitions cannot apply to American competitors.]

Photo K. H. Johnson

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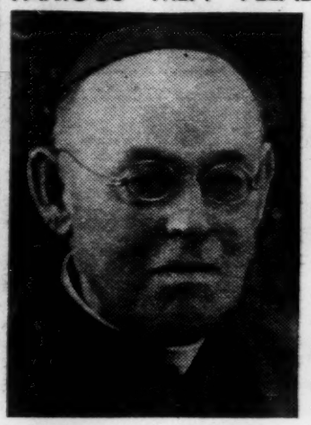

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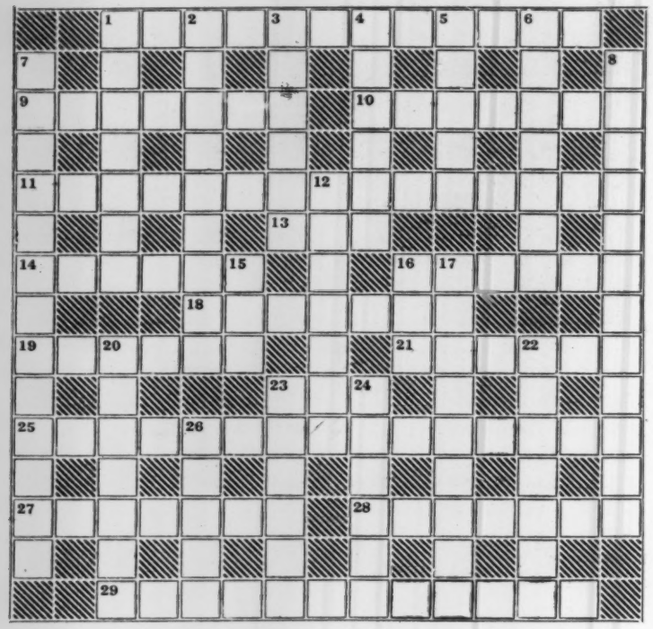

Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is

E. P. Dickie Surma, Hepburn Gardens, St. Andrews, Fife.

ACROSS

1. Do they set traps on the pier? (12)
9. Stockings at a penny in India? (7)
10. What to infer about us. (7)
11. Ecclesiastical armouries? (15)
13 (rev.). Typical measurements — by telegram. (3)
14. Lubrication for screwing up? (6)
16. The spirit of the cherry. (6)
18. Withdraws a ballot paper? (7)
19. It goes round behind the altar. (6)
21. One of the staple products. (6)
23. Is this the City of Rolling Stones? (3)
25. He fathered Ensign Beverley. (15)
27. Relevant in more than an "Aryan" way. (7)
28. It's just as light inside. (7)
29. "Fill every glass, for wine inspires us." (12)

DOWN

1. No doubt easily smelt by terriers. (7)
2. What small boys have to make do with out of the skating season? (9)
3. Rifles discovered in the crypt? (6)
4. Great wing expanse covers it. (6)
5. He takes the Koran to heart. (5)
6. Downing Street of course would quell such things. (7)
7. Joint and what you get perhaps after paying for it. (13)
8. Knockabout hats for motorists. (12)
12. NH_3. (7)
15. Allowed the lease. (3)
16. How to catch a Scotsman. (3)
17. They introduce you to your studies. (9)
20. Within the Entente Red propaganda was rife. (7)
22. One thug makes it harder. (7)
23. Not a mouthful for a hen but a sort of punt pole. (6)
24. Get the boat in with it. (6)
26. Took a piece in. (5)

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

P	R	U	N	E	S	A	N	D	P	R	I	S	M	S
A	■	L	■	X	■	E	■	E	■	O	■	T	■	A
D	A	Y	S	T	A	R	■	S	T	A	T	I	O	N
S	■	S	■	O	■	A	■	P	■	S	■	R	■	D
■	■	S	P	L	I	T	C	O	T	T	E	R	■	■
I	■	E	■	■	E	■	T	■	B	■	U	■	O	
D	I	S	U	S	E	D	■	S	L	E	E	P	E	R
Y	■	■	T	■	■	■	■	E	■	■	■	■	D	
L	A	S	C	A	R	S	■	A	F	F	A	B	L	E
L	■	U	■	N	■	P	■	S	■	■	■	A	■	R
■	■	M	I	D	N	I	G	H	T	S	U	N	■	■
C	■	E	■	D	■	G	■	C	■	T	■	D	■	O
H	A	R	P	O	O	N	■	A	I	R	R	A	I	D
I	■	I	■	W	■	E	■	R	■	I	■	G	■	E
C	H	A	N	N	E	L	S	T	E	A	M	E	R	S

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THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By DIVES

MR. MORGENTHAU ON GOLD—THE CABLES INDEX—BURMAH OIL AND ANGLO-EGYPTIAN—RUBBER QUOTA—AIRWAYS TERMS

In spite of the bad behaviour of Wall Street the London Stock Exchange has maintained its firmer tone this week. The lead was set by the gilt-edged market, where quite a good recovery was seen in the long-dated stocks. A recovery in the gold share market followed on that in gilt-edged. This was assisted by an article in the *Financial News* on May 16th reviewing the exchange of letters between Mr. Morgenthau, Secretary of the U.S. Treasury, and Senator Wagner, chairman of the Banking and Currency Committee of the U.S. Senate, which had curiously escaped publicity in the English press. Mr. Morgenthau's replies were taken to be reassuring to holders of gold shares. He agreed that America had more gold than was needed to provide a basis for her monetary system, but on the suggestion that the Treasury should not buy any more gold for the time being, he remarked: "Such a step, taken unilaterally, would have disastrous effects on our economy. It would disrupt the foreign exchanges and gold bullion markets and very soon cause such drastic disturbances in international trade, and even in the domestic sphere, as seriously to impede the recovery of business." He ridiculed the idea that America would be eventually "stuck" with gold by saying that the danger that gold would no longer be used as international exchange was so remote as not to merit serious consideration. Nevertheless, I do not agree with the *Financial News* that there will be no more gold scares. The fact that current gold production is running far in excess of the normal absorption by the central banks and that the mal-distribution of the world's gold holdings is more fantastic than ever, should be a reminder that all is not well with the gold system and that it will take more than Mr. Morgenthau's pious declarations to put it right.

* * *

I am sorry that Cable and Wireless has decided to discontinue its monthly traffic index. It was certainly misleading to find each year that the money receipts per point of the index varied. 1938 was a particularly glaring case. The percentage fall in the average index from 78.9 to 69.3, or over 12 per cent., naturally suggested that the traffic receipts would be at least £600,000 less than those of 1937, whereas the actual result was a fall of only £457,000 or about 9 per cent. But surely a better index could be published. Cable and Wireless stocks will suffer in liquidity if no index is published, for speculation on the monthly figure had led to active market conditions. I think the company is making a mistake in leaving the market in future completely in the dark.

* * *

It appears from the preliminary figures that the Burmah Oil Company last year suffered a decline in trading profits of around £472,000 gross or about 3.4 per cent. on the ordinary stock. This was offset by a rise in the investment income (from the holdings of Anglo-Iranian and Shell Transport shares) of around £310,000 or 2¼ per cent. on the ordinary capital. The net result was therefore a moderate decline of £147,000 in the net profit. The equivalent of the 1937 dividend on the increased capital was 20 per cent. but with the final dividend of 10 per cent. the company paid a cash bonus of 6 per cent., making 21 per cent. in all for the year. At 4 1/16 cum. dividend the shares therefore return a yield of £5 17*s.* 9*d.* per cent. gross (tax is taken at 4*s.* 0¼*d.*), but can the dividend of 21 per cent. be relied upon for 1939? I doubt it. The company may be faced with a decline in its investment income this year as well as with a continuance of the decline in trading profits. The Anglo-Iranian final dividend which will be announced next week will almost certainly be lower. Against 25 per cent. for 1937 I am anticipating 20 per cent. or 22½ per cent. for 1938. I am therefore inclined to recommend an exchange from Burmah Oil Shares into Shell Transport and Trading shares at 4¼ to yield £5 16*s.* 3*d.* per cent. on dividends of 17½ per cent. net, for it is still possible that Shell Transport will distribute a little extra in respect of 1938. In passing, I would draw attention to Anglo-Egyptian oil shares which have now risen to 65*s.* This company's position has been entirely revolutionised by the development of the new Ras Gharib oilfield on the east side of the Red Sea. This field is apparently a prolific one. The company's output in the first 17 weeks of 1939 was 180,000 tons against 50,000 tons in the similar period of 1938. In other words it is producing at a rate of some 550,000 tons per annum or 2½ times greater than in 1938. The market is estimating a 17½ per cent. dividend for 1938 (against 12½ per cent. in 1937) and still more for 1939.

* * *

The International Rubber Committee has wisely turned a deaf ear to siren voices which have been suggesting that the 50 per cent. export quota should be prolonged over July–September in order to force up the price of the commodity to the producers' optimum figure of 9*d.* The only question is whether the increase in the quota to 55 per cent. of standard tonnages goes far enough. During the past nine months world stocks have fallen by something like 175,000 tons, and are now well under 400,000 tons, or little more than four months' consumption. In the first quarter of this year, absorption of rubber amounted to about 265,000 tons, whereas the enlarged export quota means supplies at the quarterly rate of 230,000 tons, at most. The contraction of stocks is therefore likely to continue unless there is an unexpectedly severe set-back in the U.S. automobile industry. Furthermore, in the last six months British stocks have fallen from 100,000 tons to under 70,000 tons. This represents six months' supply for Britain's own requirements, but stocks in this country form a reservoir which Continental consumers tap. Rubber is such an essential war material that it is imperative that our reserves in this country should not be further depleted. Indeed, there is a strong case for replenishing them to the 100,000 ton level.

* * *

On the merits of the financial terms of the Airways merger from the point of view of public interest comment is made in an earlier page of this issue of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION. From its own angle the City inclines to the view that the directors of both concerns have done well for their shareholders. For Imperial Airways the Government will pay £2,659,086, plus interest at the rate of 4 per cent. from April 1st, 1938. For British Airways it will pay £262,500, with 4 per cent. interest from October 1st, 1938, and will repay £311,000 owing by the company to certain large shareholders. These terms are equivalent to payment of 32*s.* 9*d.* for each £1 Imperial, and about 15*s.* 9*d.* for each British, Airways share. Of the latter, 63,947 are held by Hillman's Airways. The offer, in the case of Imperial Airways at least, is more generous than the market expected, and on the announcement the shares rose from 29*s.* 6*d.* to 33*s.*

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Friday, May 19th, 8 p.m.
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CONSUELITA CARMONA
MARTIN LAWRENCE
BASQUE CHILDREN
Unity Theatre. Speaker: The Duchess of Atholl. Tickets, 7s. 6d., 5s., 2s. 6d. and 1s. from All London Aid Spain Council, 4 Great James Street, W.C.1, National Joint Committee for Spanish Relief, 4 Great Smith Street, S.W.1, and Booksellers.

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Holiday Suggestions

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Holiday Suggestions Continued on next Page

HOLIDAY SUGGESTIONS—continued

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